The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1925

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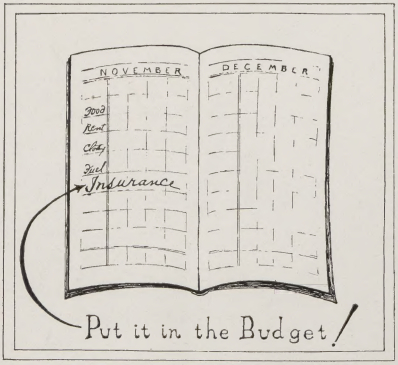

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"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 24—NEW YORK: UTOPIA DEFERRED

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

A Superlative State

MR. SCHUYLER

Here are the greatest contrasts of extreme wealth and dire poverty to be found in our (?) country; the largest and most heterogeneous population to be found anywhere in the republic; the tallest buildings, the most populous jails, insane asylums, hospitals, orphan asylums, universities, and the world's greatest seaport. Here are the greatest aggregation of uplift and philanthropic organizations in these astonishing states, the richest and best organized bootleggers, and the most powerful labor unions. Here is the greatest art and dramatic center in the commonwealth, the longest canal in the world; the biggest, the best and the worst newspapers. Here cheek by jowl, are the scum and dregs—the upper and lower crusts—of society in large numbers. Here we find every philosophy and foolosophy—religious, economic and social—vociferously expounded from platform and soapbox. Here also is the greatest number of automobiles, criminals, intellectuals, illiterati, politicians and parasites. The state can also claim the largest and most efficient rapid transit system in the world, the great congested area ever seen or heard of (Manhattan) with 103,000 people to the square mile—one square mile in this borough is said to contain over a half million folk.

Greater Scenic Beauty

There is a pleasing diversity of scenic beauty as one travels up and down and across the Empire State; the picturesque Catskills and Adirondacks, the lordly Hudson, the dainty Thousand Islands, the beautiful Finger Lakes, Ausable Chasm, Niagara Falls, the Palisades, the Ramapo Hills, the vast apple country, grape growing sections of West New York, the dairy farms and rolling meadows. On the west are those expansive sheets of fresh water, Erie and Ontario; on the east, the charming Lake Champlain. Here the winding Susquehanna and Delaware begin their journey to the sea and the Mohawk flows through its narrow valley to join the Hudson, while the Genesee and Oswego replenish the waters of Ontario. In the Adirondacks are those two jewels, Lakes Saranac and George; in the southwest is Lake Chautauqua upon whose delightful shores yokel charming was first organized on the chain store principle and dispensed the length and breadth of the land. Here, in short, is scenic beauty rivaling any in the world and places of historic interest too numerous to mention here. Few if any areas of similar extent can surpass it. A boyhood spent in its woods and dells, rowing and fishing in its many streams, exploring its verdure-clad hills, swimming in the tree-banked pools and skating, snowballing and coasting in the winter, is unforgettable.

Richer Than India

In this area slightly smaller than Roumania we have more people than inhabit either Abysinnia, Argentine Republic, Canada or Siberia, and more than any other of the forty-eight states: over eleven millions; one-tenth of the population of the United States. Its wealth is twenty billions of dollars or about one-sixteenth of the national wealth, while it pays into the coffers of Uncle Sam nearly five hundred million dollars annually in income taxes, or one-thirteenth of the national income—this is aside from other revenues. It is richer than India or Belgium, three times as rich as Australia, seven times as rich as South Africa or Hungary, and as rich as either Japan or Canada.

Settled by Dutch

The first Hudson River Day Line was established by Hendrick Hudson. It was in 1609 that he piloted his *Half Moon* up that wide stream of water now bearing his name. He claimed the territory for the Dutch. From that time on the Indians were in Dutch. Caught between the French on the north, the English on the east and the Dutch on the south, the Confederacy of Six Nations was soon shown its place. After some bitter struggles, this first and last New York democracy went out of existence. Now you have to read Morgan's *Ancient Society* to know much about it. Today the state is ruled—like the other states are ruled—by the politicians for the plutocracy. The Dutch West India Company got the usual charter to colonize and exploit the land. Tradesmen of a half dozen nationalities were soon bartering whiskey and woolens, guns and gin for valuable furs and real estate. Later came wealthy men and courtiers. They bought, stole or were granted large tracts of land on both sides of the Hudson which they worked with serfs cajoled from Europe by lurid tales of streets paved with gold and diamonds, trees growing ham and bacon and rivers flowing with lager and Rhine wine. New York of that time was about like any European country of that time—ruled by lords and worked by serfs—the same as today. The freedom-loving English succeeded the Dutch but slavery and serfdom went on as openly as it does today. New York City rapidly grew into a great commercial center where slave ships to Africa and rum ships to the West Indies were fitted out by the deeply religious bourgeoisie. This early ruling class never lost an opportunity to make a penny, honest or dishonest—whatever the difference may be. They enslaved blacks and whites and aped the decadent nobility across the pond almost as assiduously as their descendants in 1925. When the Revolution broke out, the yokels burned King George in effigy and tore down his statue, but the ruling class was a bulwark of loyalty to the British Raj—until the American Army got the upper hand.

Mecca of Immigrants

Since the early days the practice of recruiting wage slaves abroad to extract profits from the virgin American soil has extended the length and breadth of the land. New York has been the port of entry—only the recent restriction legislative enactments stopped the rush. A large number of these people never got farther than the Harlem River or to upper New York cities. So New York has always had a diverse population: about one-fourth are Catholics, one-fifth Jews, and there are huge colonies of Greeks, Russians, Finns, Spanish, and a profusion of other nationalities. There are even small groups of Chinese and Hindus. Of Americans of old colonial stock there is a minority, and a large number of them are migrants from the south (the number of crackers one meets in New York is amazing—carrying on their propaganda, too)—and many of them are flocking to the Ku Klux Klan. Burning of crosses is not uncommon in the Empire State but in the face of so much racial and religious opposition, the hooded order is rather impotent. There have been no tarring and feathering or castrations; King Kleagles wield little influence, as yet. There is considerable tolerance on the part of this diverse population. In fact, New York has always been noted for its tolerant spirit. One is allowed freedom of speech and assembly and press to an extent not obtaining elsewhere—which isn't saying much. Soapboxers can, and do, attack God, Gary or Garvey under the protection of "harness bulls". For "subversive" elements with plans for substituting crooked Commissars for crooked Congressmen, there is

an exceptionally teethy criminal anarchy law and convenient disorderly conduct and traffic ordinances.

Divided Like Gaul

All New York is divided into three parts: Upstate, meaning that portion above Westchester County; Down state, which takes in Westchester County and Greater New York; and Long Island. The first is a vast section of farms, orchards, game preserves, vacation resorts, and big manufacturing cities which are a delight to the non-union, open shop employer. The second is a vast beehive of humanity, steel and concrete. The third is the bedroom of the bourgeoisie and playground of all classes. Over half the people in the state live in Greater New York; yet the state is controlled politically by the Upstate section because of the antiquated system of districting that everywhere in this country gives the rural sections the control. It would be as hard to get the farmers to consent to a re-districting as it would be to force Tammany Hall to install voting machines in Greater New York.

Flower of Capitalism

Over three-quarters of the inhabitants are tenants, and half of the remainder are humpbacked with mortgages. There are usually about a quarter-million people out of work—not counting the parasites at each end of the social ladder who don't and won't work. Rents are high and houses inadequate in number, which makes the state a landlord's paradise. The wealth of most of the "old families" is based on land which the great congestion of population has made fabulously productive of dollars. In short, New York is the perfect flower of capitalism in these United States: at one end a mass of propertyless proletarians; at the other end a small group of *haute bourgeoisie* owning the means of production, distribution and exchange; while in between is a vanishing group of *petite bourgeoisie*—independent storekeepers and small merchants fighting a losing battle against the great grocery, drug, tobacco and meat combines.

Native Versus Alien

Beginning with the Dutch and English, successive waves of Germans, Irish, Italians and Jews came rolling in. The early Colonial stock was swamped. Many of them fled to the West. It is interesting to note that Mormonism was born in this state (at Palmyra) and recruited the largest part of its members here. The finding of gold in 1849 took even more of these people, but with the closing of the West, the descendants of the 49'ers are turning their steps again toward the Great Babel. Many of the people, of course, never left. They just receded into surburban towns and villages before the rush of outlanders with a lower standard of living and a lower wage demand.

Between the thirties and the fifties of the last century there grew up quite a powerful labor movement. They fought hard and gained the right to strike, agitated for public schools and sent representatives to Albany. They drew up resolutions and manifestos that stated the militant working-class point of view as ably as European thinkers years afterwards. There have always been a sprinkling of Socialists and Anarchists here, with the former quite strong. With all the conditions present for the foundation of a strong labor party or even the taking over of the socially necessary means of production, distribution and exchange for all the people, one rather marvels that the working class is not better organized and more powerful politically. It might have been had the social problem not been so complicated. But race, nationality and religion enters where only economic considerations should tread. Immigration has probably retarded more than it has assisted labor. It might well be discontinued for a hundred years or more, and the European countries decrease their populations by contraceptive methods.

A Quarter Million Negroes

Every state has the Negroes it deserves. The generality of whites in a given community are not much different from the generality of Negroes. According to the latest figures available (1925) there are about 250,000 Negroes in New York state; in 1910 there were 135,000. Today there are 196,199 in Greater New York alone. The others are scattered throughout the suburban cities surrounding New York City, and the upstate communities.

Restricted Economic Opportunity

The Negro in New York has been what the white man let him be—like the Negroes in the other states. No comparison will be made between the Negro here and elsewhere in the Republic because the Negroid percentage of the population differs in each state, economic conditions differ, and consequently the thought and action of the people differ. Even in pigment, the Negroes of the country range all the way from pink to black. The New York Negro constitutes only about one-fiftieth of the state population, and he suffers from economic discrimination. He functions best on the labor market as an individual rather than a group. He is not in large enough numbers anywhere to control an industry or a single factory. The competition between the white proletarians is very great and Negroes are often faced with the alternative of not being hired at all or accepting the worst positions. The unions control many industries and it is next to impossible for the dark brother to get admitted to many of them. The union workers do not hire Negro apprentices and thus enable them to learn certain trades, or they practice the old dodge of telling him he must get a job before he can become a member while the employer tells him he can't have a job unless and until he joins the union. This is true of some unions of skilled workers, notably the machinists. Still others, as in the clothing industry will accept Negroes in the semi-skilled branches, but Negroes seldom or never reach the higher paid positions. The clothing industry is controlled by Jews and Italians who are prone to be clannish, no matter how capable the Negro may be. So-called radical unions who yelp about the co-operative commonwealth, howl the "Internationale" and bleat about "workers of the world unite," will not even hire a Negro stenographer in their well-appointed offices. Nor will any of the unions hire a Negro to organize members of his group. In the foundation workers', bricklayers', plasterers', building laborers' and carpenters' unions Negroes are accepted. The bricklayers and plasterers are still a little reluctant to see the black brothers hold a union card and draw union wages. They also play, sometimes, the old see-saw game with employers. Fact is, the Negro of New York state is very largely restricted to working as porter, cook, elevator operator, messenger, laborer, musician, chauffeur, laundress, maid, cook, dishwasher, stevedore, waiter and janitor. Negroes doing other kinds of work are the exception. Nor has the Negro the above field exclusively to himself. He did to a great extent in former years, but—"Them days has gone forever". There are not enough Negroes to go around on this sort of work and the serf classes from Europe, who are quite docile and servile—hence better slaves—have entered the field and threaten to preempt it. Today the majority of the big hotels and clubs and the richest families are using white help. With the growing proletarianization of the white population there are and will be more and more of them competing with the sons of Ham for these jobs.

Few Farmers

There are very few Negro farmers in the state—probably no more than a thousand. In Colonial times Negroes were worked on the large estates up the Hudson as chattels and indentured serfs but mainly as domestics. It was so in New York City. Gerrit Smith started a movement to get the Negroes on the farm before the Civil War—he donated a deal of territory—but the plan fell through. The Negroes who come here—like the whites—are generally fleeing from the farm and they make a bee line for the cities. There is much abandoned farmland all through the state.

Negro Bourgeoisie

In the upstate cities there are always to be found a half dozen or more Negroes, who, to use Dr. DuBois's phrase, have lifted themselves "above the mired mass". In the suburban towns around Gotham this group is a little larger. Greater New York, of course, contains the majority since four-fifths of the Negroes in the state live there. This black bourgeoisie consists of doctors, lawyers, dentists, undertakers, school teachers, kink removers, editors, barbers and the proprietors of some small businesses. Many of these people have considerable means, but in the main, they are really black coated workers—white collar slaves—catering to the needs, desires and whims of the Negro population. The Negroes of the Empire State are precariously hanging onto the fringes of the economic life of the communities in which they live. The whole Negro population could be dispensed with and not be missed except by a few Jewish pawnbrokers, delicatessan proprietors and number bankers, Greek shoe repairers, restaurateurs and bootleggers, and Italian icemen, fruit dealers and dope peddlers. The Negro knows it and the whites know it.

Organizing Negro Workers

Where the Negroes are organized, they are just dues payers because they never get elected or appointed to any of the many offices in a trade union which pay a fat salary. He is subject too to all kinds of petty practices on the part of white brethren, especially when work is scarce. There are thousands of Negroes in the clothing trades unions, the foundation workers' union and the stevedores, yet there is not a single Negro in a paid position. All the unions in the city have had these evils pointed out to them time and time again by Negro radicals and labor agitators. But heretofore the Negro has been numerically weak and the unions have turned a deaf ear. Negro unions are not at all feasible in New York because of the paucity of Negroes in comparison to whites and the further fact that they are a small minority in any industry. With increasing numbers due to the migration, however, the unions became more attentive. It was only recently that after years of agitation and propaganda several unions and organizations sympathetic to the cause of labor advancement have been persuaded to form a committee for organization. Much credit is due Mrs. Gertrude E. McDougald—a native daughter—Assistant Principal of Public School No. 89, for the untiring energy with which she pursued this ideal. A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen first gave voice to the necessity of the Negro workers joining the trades unions and the trades unions admitting them. Others who have given of their time and energy to alter the Negroes' economic outlook and position are Frank Crosswaith, Executive Secretary of the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro workers; Wilfred Domingo, Richard E. Moore, William Butler, George Frazier Miller, Otto E. Huiswoud, Cyril V. Briggs, Miss Grace Campbell and Miss Helen Holman. These Negroes have spoken to tens of thousands of white and black trades unionists and unorganized workers in New York City and upstate. This phase of their activities is beginning to show results. Along with organizing the Negroes in industry, however, must come the breaking down of the present color line in the trades unions. Negroes laborites are raising the cry "No Taxation without Representation". The first Negro organizer of labor to be hired by a union in New York City was Miss Nora Newsome who was employed a short time by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Later Mr. Crosswaith was employed for several months as organizer for the Elevator Operators' Union, from which job he was ousted as a result of internal intrigue. While the foundation workers are 90 per cent Negroes, all of the officials are white. This is one of the mysteries of the labor movement in New York City. There are hardly more than 10,000 organized Negro workers in the entire state, and most of them are in the Big City. With the coming of more black workers from the South, the unions will probably (and probably not) become more hospitable to Negro applicants. That, or the Negro must scab his way in—a difficult and hazardous undertaking where unions are so strong and Negroes numerically so weak.

Big Race Organizations Impotent

The war is over now and it is safe and popular to espouse many things that four or five years ago might have cast a cloud of suspicion over one's good bourgeois character. Then too, in the face of a vanishing *raison d'etre*—what with the sudden slump in lynching and the growing willingness of employers to try Negro labor without being beseiged with data and conferences—one is forced often to the familiar alternative of any port in a storm. The National Urban League and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People have, with surprising suddenness, gotten interested in the cause of the Negro worker. To be more exact, the former has collected data and the latter has sent out releases on the subject. This is commendable zeal, but bold fellows state that neither organization is in touch with the masses of workers and not very much in sympathy. Both are bourgeois organizations supported by the dilettante of both races and "good" white people, who get a thrill by chasing around the country holding conferences and "viewing with alarm" the condition of the "deah workers". Neither organization has a single union worker in its offices nor has any real effort been made to organize them and thus get a group of intelligent young Negroes into the labor movement via the stenographers' union. Neither organization has ever held a meeting to organize any workers although Dr. Du Bois swore in a recent number of *The Crisis* that the next three years were to be devoted to the Negro workers. True, the Urban League has established an Industrial Department and feigned great interest—probably intent on rousing the interest of certain sources interested in such work. But sophisticated students of the subject are anxious to see something concrete achieved. They too, are more interested in enlarging the Negro's opportunities than seeing him accept alms. The Universal Negro Improvement (sic) Association has done nothing in this basic work. They have done even less than the N. A. A. C. P., if that is possible. They have wasted the hard earned dollars of their dupes in all sorts of clowning and knavery but never bent a finger to lead them toward more wages, shorter hours and better working conditions. Instead of sending some of their orators into trade union circles and among the black and white proletariat generally, spreading the message of education and organization, they routed them around the country, deluding the Negro masses and raking in coin which went to shrewd owners of floating scrap iron. None of these organizations has spread any information about consumers' co-operation. In fact their chief benefit has been to supply jobs to a group of white collar slaves. To a smaller extent the Negro churches, fraternal orders and various benevolent societies have been guilty of the same negligence. The very thing upon which all Negro organizations in the state should lay greatest stress, they pay little attention to at all.

Few Negro Businesses

With this hard economic battle to wage, it is not strange that there are few Negroes of wealth in the state. There are not even the proportion of well-to-do people one will find among the whites. So there is little Negro business (and what there is, is little) and few Negroes in general business. Business is wound up with social intercourse, with family and friends, and the Negro's social life here is apart from the whites. So most of the Negro business men are in lines depending almost exclusively on the Negro proletariat: real estate, sickness and death. Years ago they were largely in the catering, saloon and dive business. Even in the districts—like Harlem—where white residents are as scarce as robed Klansmen in a Catholic cathedral, the Negro business man has to fight the competition of the efficient chain stores, and the Jews, Italians and Greeks, with their larger and wider credit and banking facilities. Because there is no insulting of or discrimi-

nating against Negro buyers on the part of white tradesmen, he hasn't got the advantages enjoyed by Negro business men catering to Negroes in the South. Negroes in New York can trade anywhere providing they have the money, and, like most poor people, they trade where commodities are the most reasonable in price. Then there is the matter of place utility. When the white residents move out of a district and Negroes move in, the storekeepers stay right there and cater to the new trade. There are whole blocks where not a single store or market has moved. They are right there close at hand and people are not going to walk five or six blocks out of their way to get a loaf of bread or a pound of sugar, often at a higher price, from a Negro.

Many of the fraternal and benevolent societies of which there are a legion, have millions of dollars in the banks of the city (they don't employ Negro clerks in them), but they have not yet seen the necessity of investing it in anything except meeting rooms and conventions. One or two of them have bought real estate other than buildings to meet in. St. Luke's and the Odd Fellows own apartment houses in Harlem. Some of the churches own considerable property, but their economic vision seems also to become obscured when it comes to shoe stores, meat markets and grocery stores. There is not a single theatre owned and controlled by Negroes in the state and only one moving picture house is alleged to be owned by a Negro. There are Negro cabarets (or white-owned cabarets with Negro shirt fronts), restaurants, news stands and laundries, and three or four grocery stores, but generally speaking the New York Negro has no business worth mentioning. Of course, to the Negro masses it wouldn't make much material difference if there was a flourishing Negro bourgeoisie. It will be recalled that the existence of a powerful white bourgeoisie doesn't make any difference to the $20-a-week white wage slave. It does however furnish delusions about climbing the ladder of success which probably have some psychological and sociological value. A flourishing Negro bourgeoisie would admit *some* Negroes to work they couldn't get otherwise, even though the aggregate wouldn't be sufficiently large to effect the mass materially. The fact that the Negro is virtually barred here from promotion to high place in industry has undoubtedly taken away much of the incentive to study and prepare for these higher positions. Why spend time and energy in acquiring knowledge you cannot put to use? Very few whites take up astronomy, archeology or Sanscrit as a life work, and for the same reason —there is little call for it. This economic blank wall has evidently had much to do with the large number of pimps, gamblers, "sweet back" men and sports. Although it must be said that New York generally seems to be a sort of Happy Hunting Ground for these gentlemen, no matter of what color.

Such is the economic background of the Negro in New York State. I have dwelt on it at length because the way people make their living and the kind of living they make largely determines their psychology, morals and ethics. Now let's go on with the story.

High Life Complex

There is so much wealth and ostentatious display in the Great City that it is not strange that much attention is given by everyone to personal appearance. The poor are always aping the rich at any price. The tradition of the well dressed New York has its effect on white and black alike. This is less true of the rest of the state. Large numbers of the Negroes go to the extreme in following the fashions. A stroll on Seventh Avenue on Sunday afternoon or any evening is unforgettable. In the parade one sees the handsomest girls and women to be found anywhere, and there are no better dressed people in the city. Many of these Negroes will go without proper nourishment in order to present a "front" to the promenaders, the members of her club, or the sisters of the church. To dress shabbily here is to lose caste—and the peculiar economic situation facing the Negro here makes him lay more stress on social prestige. Everybody seems to be "striving". Life here is one continual round of dances, socials, picnics, excursions, parties and liaisons. All this is a great economic drain but under the circumstances nothing different could reasonably be expected.

Gambling General

New York's chief Negro district—Harlem—is a mecca of fakirs of all kinds: Garvey officials, "African" witch doctors, magicians, medicine men and jack-leg preachers. The chief pastime of Harlem seems to be playing the numbers, a gambling game based on the balances of the New York Stock Exchange. Now and then a player wins. Then there is frenzied paying of back rent, redeeming pawned articles, buying new clothes and touring the cabarets. Few win, and seldom. The people who win the most consistently are the bankers. They have become the newly rich of Negro Harlem—those who are Negroes. The toll these bankers extract from Harlem every week would certainly buy an up-to-date apartment house.

Negroes from Everywhere

The majority of the Negroes in New York state were not born or raised here—they are not a homogeneous group by any means. The majority come from the Southern states along the Atlantic seaboard, and, I suspect, came chasing that will-o'-the-wisp, Freedom. Like the majority of the white proletariat in the hinterland, they look upon New York city as an earthly Valhalla: a place of perpetual pleasure, boundless gaiety, pagan pastimes and eternal plenty. That this is an illusory Valhalla it is useless to tell them. Have they not seen Gloria Goo-Goo in her latest picture "Love on the Great White Way"? Do they not read the Sunday supplements of the yellow journals? Enough! They come, they see and they are conquered by the amazing complexity that is Gotham. Soon they get on the treadmill of New York: a vicious circle of employer, landlord, delicatessan and pawnbroker. Most of them can't get away if they would; many of them wouldn't get away if they could—there is something fascinating about this modern Babylon (one thinks of the spider's webb and the fly). In 1920 only 40,000 of the Negro inhabitants were natives; the rest were born elsewhere. 35,000 were foreigners. These diverse groups develop problems not present in many other Negro communities. It is this massing of Negroes from everywhere that has caused many writers to refer to Harlem as the capital of the Negro race. . . I won't touch that. The native sons—it's hard to find one—are typical New Yorkers rather than Negroes. They are intelligent people with a background of a hundred years of freedom—in fact there were free Negroes in the state as far back as the middle of the 17th century. There are very few of them, however. Most of the 40,000 native sons are themselves the offspring of migrants from the South or the West Indies. Then there are the huge mass of Southern migrants who, like the mass of white yokels, flock to the American Valhalla in search of freedom and a good time. Last, are the West Indian, Central and South American Negroes: British, French, Spanish and Dutch. To weld this heterogeneous group into a homogeneous one is a difficult problem.

Intra-Racial Friction

It's bad enough to have a quarter-million of our folks massed close together when they are all from the same place, but imagine them from all over the world! The task of leavening this mass has fallen to the lot of the **native.** He must set the standard of refinement. So, since long before the Civil War New York's Negroes have been faced with the problem of civilizing this mob. No sooner was one wave assimilated and refined than another rolled in. In later years came thousands of bombastic, litigious foreign Negroes with a lower standard of living whose penchant for underbidding and undermining the native Negro workers (this happens among the whites, too) has engendered much bad feeling. Then there is a difference in the psychology of the two groups

which is best expressed by stating the obvious fact that the American Negro is an American, the British Negro an Englishman, the Spanish Negro a Spaniard, the French Negro a Frenchman, etc. This difference in thinking and feeling is reflected in the churches, the fraternal societies, at the social gatherings and on the job. Time, and the restriction of immigration will probably remedy that. In later years differences in skin coloration have been stressed as a mark of social cleavage by newcomers: West Indians and Southerners. This was previously unknown here. White people are now helping this along by advertising for "light colored" help, and I learn from good authority that black maids are offered less money than high-brown ones. One merely mentions these things as part of the picture—they are not general or predominant.

Social Equality

The New York Negro has all the rights of an American citizen—and darn few they are. He has a vote and he is not jim-crowed. Hardly a place in the state will refuse point-blank to serve him if he persists. When he is refused, he can readily invoke the law protecting him from discrimination. In New York (Manhattan) he suffers from what is practically residential segregation. One piece of legislation for which the Negroes should agitate is a law compelling a landlord to rent an apartment or a house to anyone willing to pay the price. There are ample precedents. Outside of New York City the Negro suffers very little from the various subtle forms of residential segregation which the superior mind of the dominant Nordic thinks up. He can buy property wherever he has the money to buy and live in peace. The southern white migration and the consequent growth of the Klan has somewhat altered that situation, but not much. White and black families living side by side in the same apartment house is not unheard of, while living in alternate houses in the smaller cities is very common, in fact, the rule.

Inter-Marriage and Inter-Mixture

White and colored children attend the same schools, sit side by side in the same classrooms, go to and from school and play together; Negro school teachers teach white children; blacks and whites sit side by side in the theatres and eat side by side in the restaurants, and yet—despite the theories of the Southern crackers and their demagogues—there is very little open social intermingling and almost no inter-marriage. Yet there is considerable racial inter-mixture under cover—or should one use the plural? I doubt if there are one hundred mixed couples who have gone the city hall-preacher route, and I know of only two or three that have turned out in accordance with the formulas of Vera Simonton, Eugene O'Neill, Sarah Millen and Leonard Merrick. Racial inter-mixture differs here in New York from most places in the country, in that there are as many white women parties to it as colored. With the white women it is usually a case of love; with the Negro women it is money. The number of white women who shower their favors on Negro men would be surprising if statistics were compiled. As a result of this the New York Negro man has largely become disillusioned about the alleged superior value and charm of white women. Needless to say this is not true of those sable folk who migrate from elsewhere. The people who do inter-marry here suffer less from social ostracism than in most parts of the country where there are a quarter million blacks. Especially in the great metropolis are the people more tolerant and sophisticated.

Employers, white storekeepers and icemen hold out considerable temptation to Negro women. Negroes with the features of Jews and Chinese are not entirely unknown. Since inter-marriage is so rare one grows thoughtful upon seeing so many young white Negroes on the streets.

High Society

High society in New York is more democratic than in centers of snobbery like Washington, D. C. In a social gathering of the "best" people one may see hairdressers, seamstresses, doctors, dentists, undertakers, discreet demi mondes, journalists, writers, musicians, social workers, insurance agents, nurses, school teachers, druggists (ecclesiastical and pharmaceutical), college students, Pullman porters and housemaids. I think it can be fairly said that society here is not based on money, but on culture, refinement and sophistication. Some of the wealthiest people in Harlem do not move in the highest social circles and some of those who move in the highest social circles are trembling every time they hear the landlord's footsteps. There are of course no rigid lines of demarcation. This high society consists of little cliques. The more intellectual group have the advantage of social intercourse with whites of a similar status. Prominent artists, novelists, journalists, musicians and writers visit the homes of these Negroes and invite them to their's. These affairs are very brilliant. Here the prominent white and black intelligentzia—pseudo and genuine—of America may be seen. Of course there is a deal of less open social intercourse between the white and black theatrical-gambling-sporting-bootlegging set. But there is snobbery: I have heard numbers of women boast that "they never go on Lenox Avenue". That thoroughfare is supposed to be the habitat of the rough proletariat.

Well Housed

While suffering much from high rents and the necessity of taking in roomers (to say nothing of other methods of getting the rent), the New York Negro is probably better housed in the mass than any other group of Negroes in the country. Steam heat, hot and cold water, bath tubs, gas and electricity, hard wood and parquet floors are the rule. Elevator apartments with marble and tile entrances are common. A word must be said here for the much-maligned real estate agent: He was an effective agency for carrying the needed Negro expansion into the so-called white sections. Still the Negroes paid dearly for his services, and still do. The Negro population in the suburban towns is largely recruited from disillusioned New Yorkers who managed to escape from the Gotham treadmill after a fierce struggle. The New Yorker enjoys clean streets and prompt garbage and ash removal. True, one can occasionally see a dead dog or cat on the streets of Harlem, but that is as much the Negroes' fault as the city's. In the first place the city is no place for an unleashed dog or cat, and when an animal is killed the Health Department should be pestered until it is removed. The Negro here is vouchsafed about as much police protection as anyone enjoys in these hectic post-war years. I estimate the Negroes own about one hundred million dollars worth of property in the state. Of course that property is only owned by a few and much of it is mortgaged. As for the masses, they have nothing but hopes.

Political Activities

Your New York Negro is a hard proposition to figure on politically. In the upstate section he is, like most of the people up there, a Republican; although small groups of Democrats have sprung up since the late war for democracy. In Greater New York, however, it is difficult to say just how an election will go in the sections largely populated by Negroes. Harlem has sent both Republicans and Democrats to the State Legislature and the Board of Aldermen. While there are over a hundred thousand Negroes in Harlem, they are not in a position to elect a Congressman (and it wouldn't make any material difference to the masses if they did). Probably there are seventy-five thousand or more Negroes living in the 21st Congressional District, while the total population of that district is close to a half million (415,000 in 1920). Too, there are a large number of foreign Negroes who cannot vote. Many Negroes (and whites) are disfranchised each year by moving in October which seems to be a custom in the city—the law requires three months residence in the district. Then too, there is a deal of political cynicism, probably justifiable. Still the Negroes have gained a little by their political independence. They have a large number of policemen and other city workers, probation and

truant officers, and one Negro is on the Civil Service Commission. Since the chief value of voting seems to lie in getting jobs for somebody you like, it cannot be said that the New York Negro is politically a failure. Harlem is unique in having a branch of the Socialist Party in its midst. The Socialists once polled 5,000 or more votes in that section, but, sad to relate, the vote has since declined, as it has declined everywhere in the country. There are also a few black Communists, more vocal than virile, and largely of foreign extraction, like the white Communists. These people don't seem to understand that Homo Americanus is more anarchistic than communistic. Still, they add to the gaiety of the passing show. An interesting sidelight on the political thinking of the New York Negro is the fact that thousands voted for the white, Democratic Congressional candidate in the last election and against the Negro, Republican candidate. This is independence with a vengeance. In New York State the Socialist Party polls around 200,000 votes each election, so nomination by them means something. Often the Republicans and Democrats have to combine against the Arm and Torch. Well, the Socialists led the way in nominating Negroes for office. They have nominated A. Philip Randolph and Lucille E. Randolph for Congress and Frank Crosswaith for Secretary of State of N. Y. State. Each year for years they have nominated Negroes in various districts for the Assembly and the Board of Aldermen. They have nominated Negroes in districts where very few or no Negroes lived. The Republicans and Democrats (the too-old parties) have never nominated Negroes for any but minor offices, except in the last Congressional election when the G. O. P. nominated Dr. Roberts in a district where they knew he couldn't win.

N. Y. Negro Militant

The New York Negro has always been outspoken and militant. Much of the agitation for freedom, equal rights and opportunity has had its source here. It is never difficult to organize a big mass meeting against any real or fancied evil. Today, I believe it is fair to say, Negro America looks to New York City for advanced leadership and opinion. These Negroes are cosmopolitan and sophisticated. They know of the history and achievement of black men and women. A white man here will think several times before hanging the hated epithet "Nigger" on one of the sons of Ham.

Historical Note

As early as 1643 there were Negroes in New York as land patentees under the administration of the Dutch. Slavery began in 1650. At the time of the making of the Constitution all free Negroes in the state could vote. Around the time of the Civil War, however, there were restrictions placed on that right. One slave insurrection was attempted in 1712 and another on 1741. Both were ruthlessly suppressed with many hangings and burnings. In 1782 the introduction of slaves was prohibited and gradual emancipation began in 1799 and ended in 1827. In 1704, Dean's school, the second school for Negroes in the country, was established. Mother A. M. E. Zion Church came into being in 1796. The Abysinnia Baptist Church was founded in 1803 and became the fountain head of that faith among Negroes in America. Beriah Green's Institute at Oneida in the second quarter of the last century was the mecca for Negro youths in search of an education free of molestation. Such New Yorkers as Alexander Crummel, Thomas B. Downing, Henry Highland Garnett, George T. Downing, Isabella Sojourner Truth, James Varick, William Howard Day, Garnett D. Baltimore, Ira Aldridge, Edmonia Lewis, Harry T. Burleigh and F. J. Ferrell have brightened the record of Negro achievement in the United States. Numerous others have reached great prominence after coming to the liberal and cultured atmosphere of the great metropolis. Space will not permit mentioning them, but they are well known and numerous.

Detachments of New York Negroes have fought in every war (except the Mexican) waged by the United States. During the Draft Riots the New York Negroes fortified themselves in Weeksville, a part of Brooklyn, with plenty of ammunition, rifles and cannon, waiting patiently for the white mob. New York Negroes took a very prominent and leading part in the various conferences held in Pennsylvania and New York beginning about 1830, and the later movements for African, Haitian and Central American colonization of free Negroes. James M. Whitfield, a Negro poet of Buffalo, took a leading part in the colonization schemes. There was a much more powerful group, headed by Frederick Douglas, whose activities after returning from England were centered in New York State—he lived in Rochester—which was opposed to colonization and fought for equal rights and opportunities right here. The same arguments and charges bandied nowadays back and forth between the pro-Garvey and anti-Garvey Negroes, were made much more ably nearly a hundred years ago. The National Colored Convention was formed here (Troy) and made rapid strides in formulating programs and plans of action for the guidance and betterment of the free Negro. They brought out at the time (1847) in reply to charges by the governor that Negroes in New York had $839,100 invested in business and $1,160,000 in real estate exclusive of incumbrance.

The first college-bred New York Negro in the United States was John W. Russwurm, of West Indian extraction, who graduated from Bowdoin and later edited in New York City the first Negro newspaper in America, *Freedom's Journal*. There were many notable Negro caterers in New York City from 1780 on. They did business with all of the prominent families of their time. The most noted were Cornelia Gomez, "Aunt" Katie Ferguson, Peter Van Dyke, Boston Crummel (father of Alexander Crummel), Thomas Downing and David Roselle.

The N. A. A. C. P., the U. N. I. A., the A. B. B. and the F. N. F. were all founded here. So today the U. N. I. A. and the N. A. A. C. P. are carrying on the agitation of the two schools of opinion that have been at loggerheads in Aframerica for over 100 years. Needless to say, the majority of intelligent Negroes, here as elsewhere recognize that the United States with all its faults is heaven compared to most any other place on the planet. The Negro Socialist have caused the Negro masses to think as never before but your average Negro like your average white man, shies at the Flaming Torch and the Red Flag. The Negro Communists (about six in number) have made no headway at all—except vocally—despite the rumored funds from Moscow. A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen of New York City are unquestionably responsible for founding the economic radical movement among Negroes.

Economic Organization Only Salvation

As to the future of the Negro in New York, it is hard to say. One no sooner waxes optimistic than new developments make him pessimistic, and vice versa. Most of the New York Negro's energy should be concentrated on his economic advancement. The various fraternal, benevolent and church organizations should learn how to use their money to better advantage than erecting architectural monstrosities. They could break the chains of economic bondage tomorrow if they invested their large funds now reclining in white banks (that do not even employ Negro janitors) to open grocery stores, meat markets, shoe stores, and other business now largely dominated by Greeks, Jews and Italians who don't live in the Negro districts; don't contribute to Negro welfare and don't inter-marry with Negroes. Such development should be by these organizations rather than by individual Negro capitalists, in order that the profits realized may benefit the people who spend the money. There is plenty of farm land within a few miles of every big city in the state where the Negro community could raise much of the produce they use every day. In the field of labor they must lay most stress on efficiency, capability and organization. Most of the big chances still come from the capitalists rather than organ-

(*Continued on page 370*)

RANDOLPH'S REPLY TO PERRY HOWARD

Commenting for his reason for accepting the job on the staff of general counsel of the Pullman Company, Mr. Howard observes:

"While in Chicago last week, startling revelations were made to me which thoroughly convinced me that the movement to effect an independent organization of Pullman porters has in its background Communistic influences. It was because I was unwilling to see the Pullman porter become an agent on Communism in this country that I became associated with the Pullman Company."

Now this is pure invention. There isn't a scintilla of truth in it. May I ask from whom did these revelations come? Did they or the salary influence Brother Howard's action? As a Special Agent to the Department of Justice, Mr. Howard ought to know better. It is a reflection upon both his intelligence and his character to make such loose, unfounded statements. Apparently, though a lawyer of alleged legal training, it has not occurred to him that evidence should be presented in support of charges made.

But, no, with the bland innocence of a mere child, he makes a bold, unsupported statement, expecting an intelligent public, which knows him too well, to accept same upon its face value. Here he has reckoned without his host.

Of course, the charge is calculated to act as a red herring to divert the attention of the Pullman porters from the main issue of organizing to some extraneous, foreign question. But his shot has fallen wide of the mark. Instead of dampening the ardor of the men, it is only serving to stimulate them to more vigorous action in support of the union.

In this connection, may I say that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is not connected with either Communist, Socialists, Republicans or Democrats. It is entirely independent. I trust that this statement is sufficinetly clear and definite for even Mr. Howard to understand.

He further states, "That the economic salvation of his race is in the good-will of the capitalists, and that attempts to create ill-will between them are for the purpose of exploitation." This is, indeed, a pathetic example of the utter gullibility and inexcusable credulity of an alleged intelligent Negro leader.

If white workers, who are of the same race of the capitalists, cannot depend upon their (the capitalists) goodwill, why in the name of Heaven should the Negro, despised, condemned and spat upon by everybody, rely upon the capitalists' good-will? To suggest such ridiculous, preposterous and absurd advice tends to impress one with the idea that Mr. Howard's amazing stupidity is only exceeded by his adject servility.

He also avers that the Negro is barred from membership in practically all labor organizations.

Well, what's that got to do with the right, necessity and value of Pullman porters organizing. If this is the sort of reasoning which Mr. Howard is doing for the salary he receives from the government, then the tax payers are throwing away their money. What matter it though some unions do object to Negro workers joining? That is no valid or sound argument against organization, per se. In the South, some prejudiced whites object to Negroes learning how to write. Would any sane individual cite that fact as a sensible reason why a Negro should not *learn to write* or *that writing can be of no value to him?* Obviously not. But Mr. Howard contends that organization is valueless to the Negro workers merely because some white workers won't permit Negroes to join their organizations. Such is the analogy. One could hardly imagine that this was the serious belief of a grown-up.

Continues he, "The Pullman porter has no just grievance that in due course will not receive the *proper consideration.*"

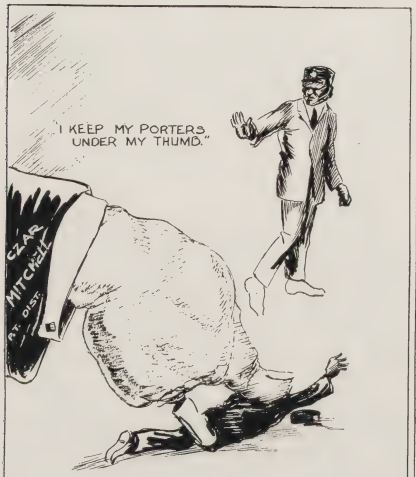
This is entirely too vague and general. What, pray tell us, does he mean by *due course?* It may mean anything from a day to a thousand years. Nor is the *proper consideration* phrase sufficiently explanatory. *Proper to whom,* may I ask? It does not necessarily follow that what may be considered proper to the Pullman Company, is, ipso facto, proper to the Pullman porter.

He goes on: "Machinery for the settling of labor disputes between the company and its employees as to hours, wages and conditions of employment is already set up." True, the machinery is set up, but the machinery known as the Employee Representation Plan does not settle the disputes to the satisfaction of the Pullman porters. It is a colossal fraud, which was rejected by the Pullman Car conductors, but forced upon the Pullman porters. Under it, the Company is always right and the porter is always wrong. Under it, before a charge against a porter is investigated, he is put on the streets, and though he may be finally restored to service, he is not paid for the time he has lost; nor is he adjusted vindicated; but, on the contrary, he is, according to the policy of the Company, only restored to service because of the fact that he was the object of mercy, not justice. In other words, the porter is always guilty. He carries the stigma of being a perpetual criminal, under the existing machinery for adjusting disputes, so blindly glorified by Mr. Howard. Now the self respecting Pullman porters don't want mercy. They want justice. They don't want sympathy. They want their rights just as well as other workers. But they will never get justice until they have the power to demand it; and they will never have the power to demand it until they are organized.

Obviously, Mr. Howard is more to be pitied than censured. For note this assinine argument against the Pullman porters' getting more wages:

"The Railroad Labor Board and the Inter-State Commerce Commission reduced the salaries of all the railway employees approximately 12½ per cent, except the Pullman porters', who received an average increase of approximately 12½ per cent." While this is true, granting that it was true, what does it prove? Not that the Pullman porters are not entitled to pay for *preparatory time.* It simply proves that a per cent increase based upon a low wage is no increase to go daffy over.

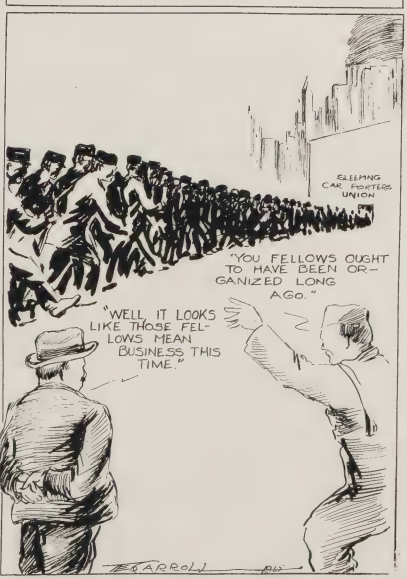
Besides, a 12½ per cent increase for the Pullman porters was a mere pittance, a virtual insult. The very fact that it only raised the pay to $67.50 a month is comment sufficient. Only a conscienceless highwayman could have the heart to reduce a man's wages which are already nothing. Granting that the other railroad workers were reduced 12½ per cent, they were still getting three, four, five and six times as much as the hapless Pullman porter. In terms of dollars and cents, it means this: Let us take for example a trainman whose pay is $250 a month. To reduce his pay 12½ per cent means that he will lose $31.25 a month, which still leaves him $218.75 monthly wages. But the Pullman porters' wages are so low that a 12½ per cent increase still held him to the starvation level, a level which no white railroad worker would think of accepting. In fact, if the Pullman porters had received a 100 per cent increase, they still would be justified in demanding more wages, because their wages are already at a miserably low level. The Pullman Company has tried to trick and befuddle the porters with percentage increases. Twelve and one-half per cent increase in wages to Pullman porters means nothing. It is like the boy who only has one apple getting an increase in apples of 100 per cent which merely gives him two apples, whereas the girl with 100 apples who only gets a ten per cent increase possesses 110. A vast difference, this. Although the boy's per cent of increase in apples was ten times greater than the girl's, still the girl had 108 apples more than the boy. So it is with the Pullman porters. They are not getting anything of any consequence any-



Defiant Porter—IF YOU HAD A BACKBONE INSTEAD OF A 'WISHBONE' YOU WOULDN'T BE UNDER THE THUMB OF ANYBODY. THE ONLY THING MR. MITCHELL WILL RESPECT IS A CARD IN THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

Old Porter– SAY, SON, COME ON AND VOTE LIKE THE WHITE FOLKS TELL YOU.

NO, OLD TOP, I AM VOTING FOR MYSELF, MY CHILDREN AND MY RACE THIS TIME.


SLEEPING CAR PORTERS UNION
"YOU FELLOWS OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ORGANIZED LONG AGO."
"WELL IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE FELLOWS MEAN BUSINESS THIS TIME."
CARROLL

how, consequently when they get a ten or twenty per cent increase, they haven't got much because it is based upon too low a wage scale. Hence the Pullman porters have got to watch the so-called per centage increases trumped up by the Pullman Company and trotted out by their hired "Big" Negro tools to fool them.

Now for some more meaningless sophistry from Mr. Howard. Says he: "Before the wages of the Pullman porters can be increased again, the wages of other railroad employees must be increased." That does not follow. In the above paragraph he just maintained that the pay of the Pullman porters was increased 12½ per cent by the Railroad Labor Board while it reduced the pay of other railroad workers by 12½ per cent. Moreover, workers get wage increases when they are able to demand them, not before. Again, why should the adjustment of the wages of the Pullman porters await upon the adjustment of the wages of the other railroad workers, when the Pullman Company and the railroad companies are different and distinct corporations? Engineers, switchmen, trainmen and Pullman porters are not paid by the same corporation. This is so obvious that even Mr. Perry W. Howard ought to know it.

This medieval economist goes on: "And wages cannot be increased until there is an increase in earnings of the railroad companies." Well, in the first place, the Pullman porter has nothing to do with railroad companies. In the second place, so far as increased earnings are concerned, the Pullman Company, in its own report, admits that the last fiscal year was the best in its entire history, earning the fabulous figure of $83,927,749, as compared with $81,240,698 in the previous year. The net income for the year totaled $15,771,976, equivalent to $11.68 a share on 300,000 shares of capital stock, par value $100 outstanding, compared with net income of $15,603,062 in 1923, equivalent to $11.56 a share. Thus the increase in net income and general business. Hence the argument of the Company's "Big" Negro "white hope" is as unsound and untaneble as it is inane and childish. Besides, think of a so-called Negro leader trying to frame up reasons why a rich powerful Company such as the Pullman Company should not pay the underpaid and overworked Pullman porter a living wage! And all for a miserable mess of pottage, a job as counsel for the Company. No wonder the white race has such little respect for our Negro leaders. White leaders of opinion and business affairs assume that Negro leaders are purchaseable, that they have their price to betray their race. And in most cases they are right. So few, indeed, have the guts to stand upon a principle to maintain a high standard of character. Of course, there are some who do, and they stand out as shining exceptions.

Mr. Howard says further that for the Pullman Company to pay the Pullman porters a living wage would bankrupt it. How silly! The Company's fiscal report belies this statement. Isn't it strange that Mr. Howard is so interested in saving money for the Pullman Company that he is willing to starve the Pullman porter who supplies the only service which the Company sells? He does not kick about the Pullman conductors getting $155 a month to begin with but he is mighty affraid that the Company will go bankrupt if the Pullman porters get the same pay the conductors get.

But listen to this! the acme of folly and nonsense: "Such a situation," meaning the porters' demand for a living wage, "would cause the Pullman Company to look about for cheaper labor. In that event Filipinos are available and white men in the guise of trainmen would not be averse to accepting their places." Now this is pure bunk. It is moonshine. It is intended to frighten the men from organization. But he won't succeed.

To begin with, public opinion would not permit the Pullman Company to use any high handed, autocratic methods in attempting to put so-called Filipinos in the places of Negroes because they demanded a living wage through their own union. Nor would the Pullman Company think about doing it because it knows of the efficiency of the Negro worker who is the basis of its prosperity. The Company is not foolish enough to experiment with the producers of the only thing it sells—service, by employing a group of workers alien in language, customs and manners to the American public. And be it now and hereafter understood that the public, the buyer of the service of the Pullman Company, will determine and decide who shall supply that service. For the edification of Mr. Howard, may I say that the Company did not dispense with the services of the Pullman conductors when they organized and increased their pay over 100 per cent. As for trainmen taking the places of Negroes on the Pullman cars, this could only emanate from one who is either a hopeless ignoramus or a consummate hypocrite; either of which renders him useless or a menace to the race.

For what earthly advantage would it be to the Pullman Company to put trainmen in the places of the Negro Pullman porters when the trainmen now receive four or five times the pay of the porters? The Company would be doing the very thing which brother Howard contends it is trying to avoid, namely, go bankrupt. But this statement above amply shows that Mr. Howard hasn't the slightest idea of what he is talking about. He is simply mouthing something since the Company is paying him to chloroform the Pullman porters, so that they will be satisfied with their miserable lot. Not only that, if white men were put on the Pullman cars they would organize in less than six months.

But suppose the Pullman Company should threaten to put Filipinos or white men in the Pullman cars as porters, because the Negroes organized to demand a living wage and manhood rights? The only manly and effective answer to that threat would be to tell them that if they want to put Filipinos or white men on the cars because Negro Pullman porters, like white men, are organizing to demand more pay, better hours and better working conditions, to put them on. It is better to maintain your manhood and get off the Pullman cars than to kow tow and lick the boots of the Pullman Company for a few crumbs which any other group of self-respecting men would reject. Negroes in the Pullman service had jobs before they went into the service and they can get jobs if they leave it.

There is no use allowing a "second hand" Negro politicians to scare men with spirit into submission to oppression.

Not satisfied with his nameless puerilities, misnamed economic viewpoint, he labors to drag in some half-wit comment on the movement to organize the Pullman porters denying the existence of God. And *this* is supposed to be a lawyer, too. The charge is so groundless that it does not merit a decorous reply.

He ends with the brilliant comment: "I urge every common sense man in the employ of the Pullman Company to let the wild-eyed, long-haired, leather-lung starving bolshevists and communists go on their way." Presto! The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is destroyed, in Brother Howard's imagination. The charge of bolshevism has done the deed!

Such epithets, such names, are the little barricades behind which impotent intellects hide when they cannot answer arguments. Brother Perry W. Howard, sometimes known euphemistically as "Pat's Perry," might just as well realize that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters will be on the map, a credit to the Pullman porters in particular and the race in general, long after his name is consigned to the limbo of oblivion from which it ought never to emerge.

And I herewith challenge Mr. Howard to debate the question of the right necessity and value of the Pullman porters' organizing a union, in any or all of the big cities of the country, so that the public may decide who is right, and I shall be perfectly willing to abide by the verdict of public opinion.

Very truly yours,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
General Organizer.

Blood will tell. Is it love, or what?
Enter the girl with the green-grey eyes.

January 4, 1923.

The old room seems very empty without you, and, in spite of several engagements which are on my calendar for this week, things seem quite quiet after the wild rush of the past ten days. Everyone enjoyed having you, and a dozen people at least have told me to be sure to send regards when next I should write. Among the latter I might mention Thomasine, Caroline, Mary Hale, Lillian Barton, Don Verney, Mrs. Morrow, Helen Clay, and — you would never guess this one — Genevieve! As I predicted, you made your customary impression, and, if I mistake not, this time you got a pretty hard jolt in exchange. Serves you right! When I asked Tommie yesterday evening if she had heard from you, she laughed and blushed. When I offered to bet her a box of candy against a German papei mark, and decide the bet on her word, that you had written every day, she only laughed again. As Tommie either can't or won't lie, I knew I had made a good guess and a safe bet.

I walked home with her two nights after you had left, and the exclusive topic of conversation was—you! I spent a very pleasant hour in that very charming, old-fashioned parlor. While Tommie was in the kitchen fixing up what proved to be a most appetizing collation, I strolled into the library, turned on the victrola, and while listening to "O Sole Mio," as sung by the one and only Caruso, I looked at the family portraits. There were, as you may remember, Tommie's grandfather, who received a Congressional Medal of Honor for distinguished service in the Civil War; her great-uncle, who was a member of congress in the exciting days of Reconstruction, and an uncle who was the first man of color to receive a diplomatic appointment from the United States government. As I looked at the portraits, and the books, and the various memorials of two generations past, I could easily understand why the beautiful brown girl gives one such a well-defined impression of "class."

I don't want to make you envious, Bob, but I had one of the nicest evenings in all my Washington sojourn. We talked, and we listened to the victrola, and we had one of the loveliest waltzes in my experience, and we sang to her piano accompaniment. As a last touch, I told her to imagine that I was Bob Fletcher, and I sang her my whole repertory of Italian love songs, ending with "O Sole Mio." Since I know you will want to ask questions, I shall forestall them by saying that when I told her to imagine that I was you, she laughed, and said, "Don't be silly, Davy!" But she sat down in the big chair by the piano, closed her eyes, and did not move for whole long minutes, and she made me sing "O Sole Mio" three times! This much I will say, that if this one time in your checkered career of amorettes you should find that you have fallen a victim to a real, honest-to-goodness love, I should compliment you on your taste, and, as your closest friend, be more than delighted. I say this because I really believe that you have been very hard hit. Come on, confess!

Sunday morning.

In spite of the suffragettes, and the whole great world movement aiming to show the absolute equality of men and women, I, for one, am not convinced. Lillian Barton would say that the great differences we seem to note are due to the influence of past ages upon the two sexes, and not to inherent qualities. Perhaps she is right, but for all practical purposes the results are the same. The reactions of woman to ordinary stimuli seem to be different from those of the average man. Man, so I think, reacts largely to the act, while woman reacts to the motive she sees, or thinks she sees, behind the action. Most men are not audacious enough to feel that they can evaluate motives, but women are not so faint-hearted. So it happens that often the reaction of one is exactly the opposite of the reaction of the other. Further, women are less consistent than men, and it is futile to judge from today's attitude what tomorrow's may be. The movie writers speak of a process in the construction of a picture-play which they call "putting in the punch." The plot in general may be all right, and the best dramatic sequence thought out, but still that little ingredient is lacking which so grips the waiting audience—and that is the "punch." Well, so I suppose it was with the creation of the world. First land and water, then the animate creation, fauna and flora, then *man*. So far, so good, but still something is lacking, and the world's a well-ordered but dull place. Then comes the crowning inspiration—woman, lovely woman! And, as we all well know, and some of us to our sorrow, the big world play has not lacked punch since that moment.

All this, you will ask, is a preamble to what? "Quien sabe?," as the vaqueros used to say down on the Texas border, and with such an expressive shrug. I am in such a quandary about a lot of things these days, that I could use up the supply of shrugs of a whole platoon of 'greasers.' The worst feature of the situation seems to be the fact that I don't know just what it is that I am in a quandary about. My friends, and their name is surely legion, are as good to me as ever, and, when my day's stint is done, I can look forward with reasonable confidence to a pleasant evening with some of the most interesting people I have ever met. As to the work itself, it goes swimmingly, as you shall see with your own eyes one of these days —and not far in the future, I hope. My health is perfect, as it has always been, thank Heaven, and I eat like a plowboy and sleep like a tree.

"Then what in the name of all the Nine Worthies are you grouching about?" I hear you query impatiently. That's just what I should like to know myself, and therein resides the head and front of my dissatis-

faction. If I were home, and showed such symptoms, mother would give me some kind of nauseous dose warranted to cure anything short of a bad disposition, but, fortunately or unfortunately, I am not at home, so there you are!

Your friend Miss Thomasine is my one consolation. Anything I may say or may have said, derogatory to women, I withdraw as far as that dear girl is concerned. She is as constant as the pole star, the same yesterday, today, and forever, though, as you well know, there is no monotony in her consistency, but just a fine, splendid dependableness which one knows he can count on to the last breath. I should no more expect an unworthy action from Tommie Dawson than I should from my dear mother. I have never met a young woman who more completely commanded my absolute respect. Not long ago I heard a group of college students singing "Integer Vitae," and I thought of the lovely Thomasine. Sometimes, reflecting on her physical and moral beauty, I wonder why I have not fallen in love with her, for we have been close friends from the first minute we met, but strange to say our friendship seems to be troubled by no undercurrents of more stormy emotion. Since you have become so violently interested in her, I am glad this is so, for it would not be a happy situation if we should be rivals.

While Tommie, in these last days since Dr. King has been carrying on such a whirlwind campaign of wooing, has not been so much at the house, still I am always seeing her at some function or other, and I never fail to have a chat. She is a most comforting sort of person, though, if one wants information in which any friend of hers is involved, he will waste a lot of time trying to pump Tommie Dawson. I know, for I have tried it. She is patient, and considerate, and courteous, and she lets one down, oh, so gently! —but *down*, nevertheless! "True blue" is an accurate characterization of that young lady. Different as they are from each other, she and Caroline would, I verily believe, fight for each other, or, if need be, die for each other. There seems to be nothing one would not do for the other. Tommie, though little, if any, older than her friend, is more serious and more mature, and she seems to protect Caroline from the consequences of some of her mad pranks, and to dissuade her from others. Caroline, even in the short time I have been here, has changed perceptibly in one or two ways. Sometimes I feel that, in the case of most girls, this so-called "flapperism" is only a passing phase, sometimes even merely a *pose*. Most of them, I am fully persuaded, affect certain petty vices, just as a small boy at a certain age tilts his cap over one ear, swears, swaggers and smokes, and imitates, in his juvenile way, in externals at least, the toughs and rowdies in his neighborhood. How many of us have seen that, and how many of us have *done* it, and lived to laugh heartily over it? Human nature is a curious conglomerate!

Well, as I have said, Caroline has changed in certain outward manifestations, if not in anything deeper. Certain of the more notable flapper characteristics and mannerisms have, temporarily at any rate, disappeared. Whether just naturally, as parts of a passing phase, or whether because of some definite cause or reason outside of her own whimsies, who can tell? One might, quite reasonably, attribute some of these changes to a serious interest in the wooing of Dr. King. Constant as he is, and ready as she seems to accept his attentions, I somehow am not convinced that she loves him. Tommie might help me at this point to form a conclusion, but, as I said above, that is just what Tommie will *not* do where a friend is concerned, though I feel that she likes me very well and trusts me implicitly. But she is true to Caroline *first*. I have always been taught by worldly wise people that women are not so true to each other. If so, this is an exception that proves the rule.

Failing to elicit any information from Tommie, I have studied Caroline and the Doctor for myself. One thing is certain—he is crazy about her! Aside from that, nothing seems to be perfectly clear. Contrasted with his very evident infatuation is her serene calmness. That she likes him very much is patent, but I have never noted anything in her manner which corresponds with his evident adoration. She takes him for granted, so it seems to me. However, I have seen women act that way even with men they loved. So I suppose that proves nothing.

Caroline has one active and I might even say aggressive rival for the Doctor's affections, and that is none other than Miss Billie Riddick, whom you met at the Benedicts' ball. As you will probably agree, she is not a bad looking girl, with a superb figure, and she has style and "pep" to waste. I recall distinctly that, when I was first introduced to her by the late Mr. Jeffreys, I found her a most entertaining young person, and she is the type that makes men turn in the street to look after her, and makes the women take an extra clutch on their male escorts. If she were a movie star she would be featured in the descriptive literature as a V-A-M-P in large capitals. Give her a mantilla and a large black fan, and she would run Nita Naldi a close second for the love of the young matador, or whoever happened at the moment to be the fair Nita's intended prey. Of course, I don't mean to say that she's as handsome as the seductive Italian woman, but she *is* good looking, and she has that swing to her hips and that "come-hither" look in her green-grey eyes that has changed the course of many an empire since Adam's descendants ceased to be cave men and went to dwell in cities. Oh, that side glance from under the long lashes, from those curious light eyes in the dark face! The average man seems no more able to resist it than a bird can resist the charming of the snake. I guess I have not told you, but I have heard more than once that Miss Billie has fascinated a well known benedict of my acquaintance. I won't call his name, for one hears so much idle gossip about here that has absolutely no foundation in fact.

Well, Miss Riddick is terribly in love—so everyone says—with the handsome Dr. King, and they say further she has tried to take him away from Caroline. Billie's weakness in that contest is that she is in love and shows it, to anyone who cares to look. Caroline's strength is that, if she *is* in love, it does not show on the surface. Knowing your own sex, Bob, you will realize that poor Billie has not a look in, as they say. I don't know any more pitiful sight than that of a woman who is so much in love with a man who does not reciprocate that she does not care who sees it. Somehow one feels that there is something sacred about a woman's dignity, and that in such a case it is being dragged in the dust, so to speak. I really feel sorry for Miss Billie, though, with her record as a "vamp," I suppose she might not naturally call forth much sympathy.

At the fraternity dance I attended Monday night many of the gay younger set were present. Numbers of the fellows asked for you, and said they were sorry you had not stayed over. I took Tommie, and Caroline and the inevitable Doctor were on hand, of course.

Billie Riddick came in with the Baltimore man, Lacy, whom I mentioned in connection with the passing of Jeffreys. Miss Billie had on a ball dress which for elegance, beauty and stylishness, I have never seen surpassed anywhere. Every woman in the room watched her, many, of course, with covert sneers, but they all watched her just the same. She has a stunning figure, and carries herself like a queen. Indeed, Verney, who was present, dubbed her the "Queen of Jazz," and the title suited her exactly. It was Billie's big evening, and she had wit enough to realize it and make the most of it. It was as interesting as a play. She was very much sought by the men, danced every dance, and it was fascinating to see how cleverly she tried to turn everything to account in her attempted conquest of the Doctor. She exerts some fascination over him, that is plain, and she has evidently left nothing undone to increase her hold.

Naturally, I watched Caroline, too, thinking I might see something to give me a line on her real feeling toward Dr. King, but, when the evening was over, I had had my trouble for my pains, for I saw nothing to help me decide either way. Indeed, she seemed not to notice Miss Riddick's efforts. In the course of the evening, a little thing happened which puzzled me somewhat. I had danced with Miss Billie, complimented her on her looks, and as I escorted her to a seat when the music stopped, she said:

"We have not seen much of each other, Mr. Carr, have we? But we ought to do so. We might help each other? What do you say?"

I am afraid I looked blank.

Then she said, as Verney came up to claim the next dance:

"Oh, Mr. Carr, and you have a reputation for wit!"

As the music started rather suddenly, I had to move quickly out of the way of the dancers. But, as I passed her and Don on the floor a few minutes later, she looked at me mischievously, said something to Verney, and they both laughed. I have not gotten it yet for, somehow, I had not the nerve to ask her what she meant!

I danced mostly with Tommie and Lillian Barton. For the first time since I have been here, I failed to get a dance with Caroline. As there were no dance cards, it was hard to keep the dances straight. I asked for one, but in some way got mixed up about it, and lost it, so I did not try again. When we were in the crowd coming out of the hall, the Doctor and Caroline happened to be side by side with Tommie and me. Caroline was so close to me that our elbows touched. I started to say something to her, but she seemed not to notice me, so we walked all the way to the entrance without a word. I never had such an experience with Caroline before. Could she be offended because I did not dance with her? Hardly. As I said above, I tried to get a dance, and it was by no means all my fault that I did not succeed. But, as I have said before, women's reactions are peculiar, and not to be forecasted accurately. Such is life.

Tommie was very silent as we rode home in the taxi. When we alighted in front of her door I tried to break the spell.

"Whatever in the world are you thinking, my dear friend," I said.

She fitted her key in the lock without a word, and then, when she had unlocked the door and pushed it open, she turned and looked down at me from the vantage-point of the top step.

"I was thinking, Davy, that for all their supposed natural endowments and for all their training, men are such simpletons!" And Tommie beamed at me in the most friendly fashion.

"And apropos of what, dear lady, do you so scandalously slander the sex to which I have the honor to belong?"

She looked at me again and smiled, and tapped me roguishly under the chin with her white-gloved finger tips.

"Apropos, dear Davy, of nothing at all!"

And she turned and went into the house without another word. Bob, she's a sweet, beautiful, wholesome girl, if there ever was one! I don't blame you for being so fond of her.

The work is going well again, after the interruption of the holidays. I expected to have a harder time getting back into the swing of it, but I have been most pleasantly disappointed. In my description of the "big house" on the shell-road I have used almost to a dot my recollections of one of those striking old places near Mobile that we both admired so much. But I must study Charleston and its environs at first hand, for the books do not give me all the help I want, and I lack a certain confidence which is an absolutely indispensable prerequisite to precision of touch. I can do Charleston and Columbia in one trip, and then run down home to see mother.

Thomasine is looking fine. Indeed, she is so blooming these days that I am beginning to suspect that you are continuing by letter the campaign which you waged so vigorously during the few days you were here. When I tease her, I get nothing but a laugh and a blush. In fact, the most suspicious circumstance is that she seems rather to enjoy being teased. What about it?

The Coast of Bohemia. Even as you and I.

January 8, 1923.

We surely missed you at Lillian's last night. Everyone spoke of you, and most pleasantly, too, young man. I should think that your right ear must have burned quite perceptibly. You let no grass grow under your feet for the few hectic days you spent in the Capital City, to judge from the impression you left behind you. Almost everyone present sent you a special personal message, beginning with our charming hostess. Somehow, I feel that the one you will value most is the one from the stately lady with the interesting grey eyes—yes, you have guessed it—Mary Hale.

She was looking especially stunning. Of course, I cannot describe her costume except to say that she wore a very handsome black gown, with the most beautiful embroidered silk stockings I ever saw, and slippers to match. However, as you well know, though she has exquisite taste in dress, and the style and dash of a Parisienne, there never was a time when Mrs. Hale's fascinating self was not far more attractive and interesting than her clothes. But last night her attire seemed especially suited to set off her physical beauty, and I confess that as I looked at her it was not difficult to understand why our friend Don is subjugated so completely. As for that gentleman himself, on the occasion in question, he sat like one enthralled, and was unable to take his eyes from her.

With those he regards as his friends, Don acts with absolute naturalness, and so when Mrs. Hale, during an interval when we three were rather apart from the others, took note of his admiring glance, and asked him how he liked her new dress, he made one of his characteristically frank answers.

(*Continued on page* 358)

Edito

Opinion of the leading

Battering Down the Ramparts of Segregation

Time was when the Negro business man had a monopoly in certain lines. He thought it would last forever. He felt secure in his segregated nook. White men did not want to bury Negroes, so the Negro undertaker had a monopoly on the handling of colored cadavers. The Negro died so fast and was sick so much that he was not an inviting insurance risk. The white insurance company passed him by. To carry the Negro in white taxis smacked too much of social equality in public traveling accommodations. To permit Negroes to ride in the same taxis as the whites was just a step in the direction of permitting them to ride in the same railroad coaches. So his business was not solicited by the taxi concerns. The colored traveler was negligible. Hotels depending upon him would have been in a precarious condition. So they did not attract white capital. Illiterate and ignorant the Negro was not a reader, while his own antics, together with his abundant ugliness, afforded him so much fun that he did not care about the comic pictures in the papers. Publishers quite naturally could not afford to cater to him. The colored leisure, middle, professional and artisan class was too small to consume toilet preparations to any great extent. While they needed deodorants as much as the whites, they didn't buy them so much as the whites. White toilet manufacturers saw no market among colored folk. The Negro's musical taste was satisfied with Jew's harps, accordions, banjos, guitars, whistles, drums made of boxes, cowbells, fox horns and mouth harps. He had not ascended the musical scalp, even to jazz and the blues. He was therefore of no value to the large-scale manufacturer of records or musical instruments—they didn't regard him as an asset. The Negro's race pride was so low that he seldom had a colored picture on the wall, while from birth to puberty the colored child looked into the blue eyes and the blond face of a Caucasian doll. The manufacturer of colored dolls would have been useless. White people would not have them and Negroes did not want them.

With the advance of education among colored people, the foregoing state of affairs could not continue. Augmented and intensified appetites, along with increased purchasing power, resulting from higher wages and larger incomes, changed the Negro population into a market where actual demand loomed forth. Negro business men and women grasped the idea and slowly siezed the opportunity. The black death rate was high, so nearly everywhere the Negro undertaker became the most successful man in the community. The Negro insurance company began in the sick and accident field. With a bad risk it charged high rates. Out of lapses and failures to pay malingering claims the stockholders of the Negro sick and accident companies received high dividends. The Negro life insurance companies have not had such happy experiences. Their rates were high but not high enough for the Negro's death rate. Then, too, death claims could not be evaded like malingering sick claims. This resulted in something not commonly known, namely, that Negro life insurance companies with few exceptions, have not been paying investments to the stockholders, which has been the chief basis for the refusal of Negro risks on the part of white companies. These companies claim that to admit many Negroes is a discrimination against their white policy holders when it comes to participating dividends.

As late as three years ago the Yellow Cab Co. of St. Louis would not carry Negroes, nor would the white red caps assist Negroes with baggage. The same was true of Richmond, Virginia, and is still true of Louisville, Kentucky. The white taxi companies were not aggressively accommodating the Negroes anywhere. Here was a signal for the formation of Negro cab companies all over the country. In New York came the Yale Cabs, painted yellow and using a name which by deliberately careless pronunciation was easily confused with the Yellow Cab Company, whose name bore a nationwide reputation for efficiency, speed and cheapness. From Chicago came the Your, Silver, Calumet, Service Douglas and Ivory Cab companies. St. Louis followed suit with the Arrow, Star, Calumet and Your. Kansas City put out the Panama, Los Angeles the Elite, Philadelphia the Dunbar, Indianapolis the Your, Washington, D. C. the Red, and Alamac. Most of the cities having a considerable colored population formed similar cab companies owned and operated by colored people.

The colored traveler finally became more numerous. We see him today as a chauffeur for the rich, the business man, the pleasure seeker, in theatrical companies, baseball, football and basketball teams. So the hotel for his accommodation has become necessary. Negroes have established such hotels as: The Dale, of Cape May, The Olga of New York, The Baltimore, Attucks, Road Side and Woodson of Philadelphia, The Royal Palace of Baltimore, The Whitelaw of Washington, The Ferguson of Charleston, W. Va., Bailey's of Pittsburgh, The Biltmore and Crisis of Detroit, The Vincennes and Alpha of Chicago, Street's of Kansas City, The Golden West of Seattle and Portland, respectively, The Grand Central of St. Louis, and others which space will not permit naming.

The Negro today has about three hundred newspapers and a half dozen magazines. Such toilet manufacturers as the C. J. Walker, Overton Hygienic and Poro are too well known to need emphasis. In fact toilet manufacturers and their agents constitute the largest business among people of color. Musical demand among Negroes gave us the Pace and Handy and later the Black Swan Record companies. Berry and Ross inaugurated the manufacture of colored dolls and other companies have now been formed to satisfy the demand for Negro dolls. So many Negro insurance companies have been formed that one needs only to mention such ones as The National Benefit, North Carolina Mutual, Victory, Liberty, Southern Aid, Underwriters Mutual, The Universal, Atlanta Life.

In the foregoing lines of business certain Negroes, individual and in combinations, have done well, established themselves and made money, but their position is not secure. I hear them constantly complain that Jews are pushing them in the amusement business, toilet manufacturing, and real estate. Greeks and Assyrians have crowded the Negro restaurateur and are feeding the Negro. In Cincinnati and St. Louis, Jews run the finest and largest hotels for colored people. White insurance companies are insuring the bulk of Negroes. Exclusively for Negro entertainment have been formed the Paramount, Ajax and Okeh Record companies who give out such

rials

colored American thinkers

records as Graveyard, Jail House and Crapshooting Blues. (I don't see how they have forgotten the "Pool Room Blues" but maybe a record will be forthcoming soon in that line.) White companies too have shown their willingness and capacity to manufacture Negro dolls, and in small towns in which Negro undertakers cannot subsist off Negro cadavers, the white undertaker has shown a perfect willingness to embalm black beef and to carry it to its burial place—even though he often refuses to admit it to the white cemetery. His body may lie temporarily beside a white cadaver in the undertaking establishment but he doesn't trust it in a permanent resting place after crossing the River Styx. Even in service jobs, such as red caps and chauffeurs, the whites in St. Louis and Richmond will now grab your bags out of your hand and almost put you in the cab.

All of which makes the Negro business men and women constantly wonder why white people at one time will not serve Negroes in a certain capacity but later will cater for that very trade in devious and dubious ways. The reason is this:

So long as the Negro patron alienates more white trade than he brings of Negro trade, or so long as he is not a profitable market, the hardheaded white business man doesn't care to bother with him. But when his purchasing power becomes sufficient to build a big Negro business, that is the white man's cue that the time has come for him to pre-empt it.

The white man has almost unlimited capital, great experience in the different lines of business, indefatigable industry and an unbelievable willingness to cater wherever it pays economically. He will wait on a Negro courteously, call him "Mr." in the South, or anything to get the dollar.

The foregoing observations do not mean that the Negro business combinations will all be supplanted; many of them have what it known in economics as the momentum of an early start—they are established. However, they will have no time to waste and must keep their advertising very high if they would keep pace with the Caucasian swift course in modern business. Negroes can no longer take refuge in segregation. White people have invaded all black corners in quest of coin; invaded in such numbers, too, that like the biological field, they first made it mulatto, with a steady trudge and tread tending to the alabaster business world.

Yes, segregation is no longer a bulwark for black business. It is simply a bit of booty picked up by the Negro when the white man did not want it but for which he has to fight like life and death since the white man has discovered its value, augmented and thrown into bold relief by enterprising men and women of color.

Keeping Up Appearances

It is customary for a rich man to have automobiles, to build beautiful and palatial houses, to take long vacations, to go abroad, to have his wife wear diamonds, pearls, fine furs, and exquisite clothing generally, to keep sometimes two or three apartments, to maintain many wives, to gamble, to drink, and to dissipate. Both women and men of wealth have been distinguished by wasting. Thorstein le Blen, in his *Theory of the Leisure Class,* refers to this as "conspicuous waste." It was a mark of wealth to show how much one could afford to throw away. As the result one who wastes wantonly is presumed to possess the ability to waste. He is supposed to be able to afford it.

Most people cannot afford waste. Yet most of them would prefer to be dubbed "wealthy." They, therefore, put up a front—keep up appearances. They somewhat reverse the order of going from the known to the unknown, and try to establish an order of the known from the unknown, or better still, a believed from the known. People seeing them waste like rich people may believe they are rich. Let us look into a few ramifications of this theory. A man unable to buy a fine house will rent one. He will get an automobile before he gets a house, because only a few people may be able to come by and see his house, while he can drive the automobile around where they must see it, throw dust up in their faces, mud on their feet, and annoy them by honking his horn. He is sure to attract attention. John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan may sit down to a lunch and tip the waiter a quarter or half dollar. A Negro eating a similar lunch at a similar place, probably Morgan's butler, will give that waiter seventy-five cents or one dollar. It is general knowledge that a place frequented by Negroes is a splendid place for a waiter to be, if tipping is the rule. Why does a Negro tip so much more heavily than Morgan or Ford? This: Should someone ask who that white man is after he goes out, in an awe-laden atmosphere it will be whispered, "That is J. Pierpont Morgan, or Henry Ford." Whereas, the same question about the Negro would most likely reveal that he is nobody in particular. When one is trying to appear to be *what he ain't,* he has to *pay* for creating a false belief. It is the price of keeping up appearances!

A social gathering of New York, Washington, Philadelphia or Chicago colored society women would reveal a huge number of expensive fur coats, Wunder, Pointex or Eiffel hosiery, I Miller slippers, and Betty Page gowns. There would be no difference in their fronts from what Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor, Stuyvesant Fish, Whitney or McCormick would present.

(*Continued on page* 360)

With this number, Mr. George S. Schuyler, who has been on the staff of this magazine since March, 1923, leaves to assume the position of special correspondent and traveling representative for The Pittsburgh Courier. Mr. Schuyler will continue to write "Shafts and Darts," book reviews and occasional articles.

Letters of Davy Carr

(*Continued from page* 355)

"I think, Mary Hale, that you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen!"

And Don's look and tone gave one no opportunity to doubt his sincerity.

So Mary blushed most vividly, whether more from embarrassment or pleasure I shall leave you to guess, and thereby heightened her beauty by several points.

"You bold man," she said, "don't you know you must not say such things? In the first place, they are flattery of the most brazen sort, and then, suppose someone else should hear you!"

Don shrugged his shoulders lazily.

"Suppose they should hear? Would it be anything new? Would it not be a good thing for seasoned Washingtonians once in a blue moon to hear the simple truth spoken without varnish or evasion?"

Under ordinary circumstances this should have been the signal for me to withdraw, but I realized that in this instance my presence saved the situation for them, so I showed my friendly spirit by acting the part of heavy chaperon. That Don worships Mary Hale is apparent even to a dull observer, and she blooms under his evident admiration like a flower in the morning sun. It is lucky for them both that she is a woman of character, for I verily believe that if she expressed a desire for the moon Don would try to get it for her.

When we were having tea, somewhat later on, Mrs. Morrow and Lillian Barton had a mild argument over the use of the words "love" and "adore," Lillian insisting that they were not in any sense synonyms. One of them appealed to Don.

"No," he said "they are not synonyms. Adoration is infinite love plus infinite respect," and as he spoke he looked at Mary Hale as if in exemplification of his definition.

The statement was so matter-of-fact, and the look so candid, that Sophie Burt strangled over her tea, and almost had hysterics as the result. I confess that if Don and Mary Hale were not, both of them, high-minded people, and both possessed of more than average good sense, I should fear the possible outcome of their so evident affection. But both are so calm, that most folks seem to accept the situation as perfectly natural.

Yes, the soulless Sophie was there, with her eternal Russian cigarettes, and that affected air of blasé sophistication which would make one dislike her, if she were not so good natured with it all. And Wallace was there, and—you would never guess it in a hundred years—that very lively little matron who flirted with you so boldly at the Merry Coterie's party. Of course you have not forgotten her. I shan't call her name in this letter, for reasons which will appear later. She just "happened in," as they say, and Miss Barton insisted on her remaining for tea.

In the course of a rather stimulating conversation Wallace brought up the subject of the recent revival of interest in the Negro as a subject for writers of fiction. I say "revival," for he was a legitimate subject for such treatment in the generation preceding the Civil War, not only in works like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but in many other works long since forgotten. There were conflicting views as to the sentiments expressed or implied in Stribling's *Birthright*, Shand's *White and Black*, and Clement Wood's *Nigger*; and of course, most of those present read Octavus Roy Cohen and Hugh Wiley out of the human race altogether.

Don, dismissing the last two as professional humorists not worthy of serious discussion, held that it is better to be written about in almost any fashion than not to be written about at all, and that in modern writing of the realistic type we must not expect the writer to hold a brief for this or that race or group, but merely to paint the picture as he sees it. But, he went on, the most significant and interesting thing is that we are once more regarded by the literary world as material suited to the uses of the imaginative writer. He recalled the time—not so many years ago—when nothing about colored people was acceptable to practically any American magazine unless it had the unmistakable stamp of Tuskegee upon it. One or two writers of both promise and performance beyond the average were caught in this trough between two waves—and he cited Charles W. Chesnutt as an instance.

But today, with Clement Wood, for example, setting forth in bold terms the ofttimes dramatic relationships existing between the races in the South, it is quite conceivable that in the near future Americans may learn to treat any subject imaginatively which exists actually within the borders of their own country. In their provincial attitudes and in their persistent tabooing of certain subjects, the Anglo-Saxon writers, and especially the American Anglo-Saxons, have shown themselves to be far behind the writers of continental Europe.

I, for one, feel very sure that Stribling and Shands and Clement Wood are merely the vanguard of a small army of writers who will soon lay hands on the unusually dramatic material which has been lying so long unused within the borders of our Southern civilization. Somehow, I feel too that Southern white men may handle it better than the writers of our own group. We are too near to it, and feel it too keenly, to achieve the detachment necessary for work of the highest artistry. That is the reason why, in my own work, I have chosen a period so remote from the present that I can get the necessary detachment and the proper perspective.

But perhaps the thing in this letter which will interest you most is not this literary discussion, for the ideas set forth are surely not new to you, but the conduct of your flirtatious friend, whom perhaps it were wise to designate as "Madame X," in the event that this letter shall fall into strange hands. Recalling what you said about the lady and her actions at two of the holiday dances, I was probably somewhat more interested in her than I should have been under ordinary circumstances.

She was most becomingly attired. I wish I might describe her, but once more this yawning hiatus in my descriptive powers shows itself. Really, if I have any faint hope of devoting myself to writing, and especially to imaginative writing, I must train myself in this particular branch of the descriptive art. It is curious how I stutter and stammer and hesitate when I attempt to describe personal attire or adornment, though I am ready enough in other phases of writing. Sometimes I think it is due, in part at least, to my ignorance of materials and colors and shades, and of the terminology of dress. Whatever the real reason, I must make a studied effort to supply this lack.

To return to your little friend—she was becomingly attired as usual and, if I am any judge, she leans a little toward the striking and bizarre. I think her complexion, unassisted, is not very good, but she was a perfect specimen of the modern art of beauty culture, flawless in every detail. She must spend a small fortune keeping herself white. Aside from this arti-

ficiality, which to me is exceedingly repellent, she is too thin to suit my special taste. But let that pass, for it has nothing to do with the incidents of the evening. At the beginning of the talk about the Negro and literature, in which Don and Wallace figured as the principals, she paid some attention, but it was quite apparent that her interest soon flagged, and she was plainly bored and yawned repeatedly, though surreptitiously, behind her rather pretty hand. Once, catching my eye, she winked and smiled, and, as you will in all likelihood recall, her smile and her dimples are not entirely without attractiveness.

Then the little game of the evening began. As she sat beside Mary Hale, with one arm resting easily on the back of the divan, one of those pretty plump hands—so unlike the rest of her—was right under my eyes, for I sat immediately back of Mrs. Hale. Somehow, reflecting on some of the things you had said, the notion seized me suddenly to try an experiment, so I rested my hand near hers, and allowed my fingers to stray. When our hands touched, she first started as if surprised, but the surprise was evidently of short duration, for she promptly squeezed my fingers! So you were right in your estimate of her.

Such a game, as you can readily imagine, was too easy to be even mildly interesting. However, it often happens that a personality once evoked is not so easily revoked. (Who said that? I seem to be quoting, but for the life of me I cannot recall from whom.) So for the rest of the tea hour at Barton's I was conscious of her interest. When tea was served she sat beside me, and gave me a most cordial invitation to come to her house any Sunday evening after ten.

"We have some good times," she said, and she named two or three of her very gay friends who, it seems, would be sure to be present. To judge from the little I have seen of them, and the much I have heard, it would indeed be lively.

"Bob Fletcher says," she added, "that you are a better dancer than he is. If that is so, you would enjoy our little Wednesday night parties. Just a select few," she added, flashing that dimpling smile at me.

By the way, what did you *not* say to her during those few dances you had together?

Well, to make a long story short, she suggested that I might take her to the Rhodes' from the Bartons', for she had a committee meeting of the Merry Coterie to attend, and from there I might go to her house for a late supper. As I had heard of these late suppers, I decided to fall in with her suggestion. So we went to Caroline's accompanied by Sophie Burt, who also had to attend the meeting.

When we arrived we found Tommie and Dr. King present, and these two entertained me in the parlor while Caroline, Sophie and Madame "X" held their committee meeting in the library. Dr. King and I sang to Tommie's accompaniment, and Madame "X" twice or thrice left the committee meeting and joined us, much to the irritation of Sophia and Caroline, and especially Caroline. When the committee had finally finished its work, and we were all assembled around the piano, while I, at Tommie's request, sang "O Sole Mio" to my own accompaniment, the lady with the dimples stood close behind me and rested both arms on my shoulders. I could not help wondering what the others thought of this, but as my back was turned to the rest of the company, I had no means of guessing. But when I had finished Caroline insisted that Dr. King sing a new "blues" song which is now the rage, and, as soon as he had seated himself at the piano, she beckoned me into the library. I went, wondering.

"Dr. King is going to take Tommie and me driving after a while, and then we are going to Marston's for supper. Don't you want to go, to complete the quartette?"

"I surely should like to go," I said, "but I have an engagement for supper."

"Can't you break it?" teased the lady, in her most purring, kittenish manner, playing with the lapel of my coat, and looking up at me with those sparkling black eyes.

"No, I'm afraid I can't," I said, though I heartily wished I could.

"It's the first time I ever asked you to do anything," she went on. "I think you might be nice for once."

"The loss is mine, I assure you. I wish, indeed, that I could."

"You are like all the rest of the men," she retorted, rather tartly, it seemed to me. "You do everything that you want to do, and when you don't want to do anything, you never lack an excuse!"

Finally Madame "X" said she must get home, and I helped her on with her coat, and slipped into my own. We were all standing about the door, and Caroline had her arms around Madame "X," and the ladies were, as is usual, all talking at once. Suddenly, Madame "X" gave a start and a little suppressed scream. We all turned to look at her.

"What's the matter?" asked Caroline.

"You pinched me," said Madame "X."

"Oh, did I?" said Caroline innocently. "I am so sorry. I certainly did not mean to."

What do you think of that, Buddie? Women are queer creatures. Don't you think so?

So I went to Madame "X's," and it was lively, take my word for it!

Perhaps I should not, once more, call names. There was Madame "X's" particular crony, the little lady who wore such a sketchy costume at one of the parties you attended, and the handsome Baltimore matron who seems to have fascinated one of our Washington friends, and last, but by no means least, that slender vamp who raised such a fog last summer trying to take a well-known politician away from his own wife at a certain party in Newark. Do you remember her? Who, once seeing her, could forget her?

In addition to the ladies, and to Monsieur "X," our host, there were present the husband of the lady from Baltimore, and my good Washington friend, who shall be nameless. The vamp lady very purposely kept the Baltimore man busy, while my friend entertained the Baltimore lady. The liquor was good, and was plentiful. The Baltimore lady drank more than any of the men, though Madame "X" ran her a close second. The vamp lady is a bad one, there is little doubt of that, but she is not outwardly coarse, but the other two are unspeakable, when one thinks that they pose before the outside world as social leaders.

As none of the persons present was anything to me, I enjoyed the opportunity which the occasion afforded for an intimate study of another side of this complex social organism. It was hard for me to realize that just a few minutes before, so to speak, our hostess had been a guest at Lillian Barton's table.

There was no light in the parlor, and the Baltimore lady and my Washington friend spent most of the evening sitting very close together in the darkest corner, engaged in a whispered conversation punctuated by long silences, though perhaps it would be more accurate to characterize it as long silences punctuated

at intervals by whispered conversation. The Baltimore gentleman and the clever coquette from Washington had a very lively time in the dining room. To judge from the sounds they spent most of their time shooting craps on the dining room table and mixing highballs at the sideboard. He was feeling very "rosy" long before the evening was over, though he was to drive his own car back to Baltimore that night. How he managed it, I can't for the life of me imagine. I know I should not have trusted myself behind him. However, he must have made it all right, for I have heard nothing to the contrary.

While Monsieur "X" entertained Madame "X's" pal with some very lively gossip, in the course of which I heard one or two well-known New Yorkers' names called quite frequently, Madame "X" amused me with her very spicy conversation. She told me more about the dancing club which she had mentioned at Barton's, and again insisted that I come to the next meeting. Meanwhile, she asked me if I did not want to help her and the vamp prepare the supper, or rather, look on while they prepared it. So we three retired to the kitchen, and made salad and sandwiches amid a running fire of very racy gossip. Since the vamp is witty to a degree, it was not entirely without interest. But I shall not weary you with a detailed account of the evening. One incident, which I think I shall relate, is typical. For a person of your imagination and training, it will not be difficult to reconstruct the rest.

During the process of preparing the supper the vamp had to go into the dining room for some salad dishes. When she returned I happened to be standing at the entrance to the kitchen. Having nothing better to do at the moment, I indulged in a bit of foolery, and teasingly barred the way.

"You can't pass," said I, laughing, "without paying toll."

She smiled that curious fascinating smile. She leaned toward me. I never before noticed what remarkable eyes she has, big and unfathomable; nor what a curious pallor; nor what a red and sensual mouth, in strange contrast to the colorless cheeks. Then I felt her lips against mine, a long, lingering kiss, which was so much more than a mere kiss that—well, if I could describe it, I should do so, and I am willing to wager that the description would be a distinct contribution to emotional psychology. How long this performance would have lasted, I have no means of knowing, but I was brought to my senses by the voice of our hostess.

"You quit that fooling, Pauline, and give me those dishes. First thing you know, you'll break them."

So I awoke, but all evening Pauline's unfathomable eyes and full red lips seemed to hold me bewitched, and I could not shake off their influence. I have never before cared for her and, indeed, I have always felt that her type of woman had absolutely no attraction for me, but I am not so sure. Of course, I am not going to put myself in a position to be made ridiculous so, under the circumstances, I shall avoid the lady now for a reason, whereas before I avoided her for no reason. However, I can, at least, sympathize with those who fall under the spell of such an enchantress. But enough of this!

This evening I met Caroline in the hall, and she was very saucy. I asked her if she and Tommie would not like to go to a show during the early part of the evening, and have Dr. King come after his office hours.

"You're too frivolous," said the pert young miss. "I have to go to my classes, and then I have to study. You had better hunt up some of your gay friends."

So I have spent the evening writing to you. However, Caroline herself, for all her pretended industry, came home early from class, and a little later went out arrayed like the lilies of the field, with her swain. So that's that!

Tommie sends her "cordial good wishes"—I quote her very words! I leave you to interpret them. Don says, "Hello!"

Editorials

(*Continued from page 357*)

Their chief difference would come in their backs. They would present the evidences of wealth, without the wealth. They would waste without being able. If one would see beautiful and fine silk shirts, let him go into a club room where Negro gentlemen are gambling. Here he will spy a veritable Monte Carlo of Negro fashion.

There are some things, however, on which a person does not need to waste, since he is not going to get any credit for wasting, nor its derivative—being wealthy enough to waste. One of those things is a diamond ring. If a working man has on a four carat diamond ring, it is *phony*, or *glass*, because he is not able to have a diamond. If J. P. Morgan or John Rockefeller has on a *glass* ring, it is a *diamond*, because they are able to purchase diamonds. So basic has become this principle that since the period of banditry and robbery has become so pronounced, rich white women have, to a considerable extent, locked up their diamonds, pearls and jewelry in safe deposit boxes. They wear imitations, knowing full well nobody will suspect them of wearing anything but the best—the real thing. Poorer people, pondering these facts, can save a great deal of money. It is a waste to spend for something whose only merit is show when you don't get credit for that show. We have always been struck by the high powered cars purchased by people of color. One rarely sees a Negro with a Chevrolet or a Ford!

The Fallacy of Strength

No man is strong, so strong,
That he cannot be moved
By tender notes of song,
Or, consciousness of wrong.

And there is not a heart,
Ever quite so hard;
That cupid's wily art,
Has never left a darb.

No man is strong, so strong,
To boast of Love, or Hate;
Love dies as does the song,
And Hate may not be long.

ANN LAWRENCE.

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FRATERNITY THE BASIS OF SOLIDARITY

By R. H. RUTHERFORD

President, The National Benefit Life Insurance Co., Washington, D. C.

When the editors of THE MESSENGER were rash enough to ask me to add my mite to the discussion of fraternity, to which they have dedicated this number, I wanted to decline the honor. What has an insurance man to do with writing—except writing insurance! Then the thought arose that on this particular theme, the reflections of an insurance man might have some value. Fraternity is the very heart of the insurance principle. It is also the vital principle of a greater thing, the force of Race Solidarity. Now, I am a crusader for insurance. I am an enthusiast. I believe it to be as it undoubtedly is, a vast power for good. And I am also a crusader for Race Solidarity. In no embittered sense, in no prejudiced or intolerant sense, but in the sense of reconciling factional differences and standing together for the common cause, in the sense of using the power which such union will give us to achieve that economic independence which is the only real independence.

Having these enthusiasms, I am tremendously interested in the spread of true fraternity in the Race.

This interest leads me to be a more than usually close observer of events within and without the Racial pale, of the movements for this and the agitations for that, and of course of the comments thereupon which appear in our periodicals.

And since I am convinced that above all things the fraternal spirit is generous, good-willed and charitable, that while it shuns over-praise, flattery and blind approbation it just as sharply disapproves of their opposites, I have been disagreeably impressed by certain manifestations in several of our more important printed mediums of a sort of smart-aleck criticism which takes for its target almost any one of our racial brethren sufficiently important to deserve notice.

Much of this criticism is wittily cloaked. In fact, most of it is very well done. If it is a mark of progress that we have developed a number of brilliant young men, adept in the sort of ultra-sophistication of comment which marks the metropolitan columnist, then we may plume ourselves a little. But I doubt very much if this is exactly the sort of progress which we want.

It may be urged that this criticism is within the Race, that it is self-criticism and that self-criticism is a wholesale thing. So it is, provided that it exposes real weaknesses and leads to self-mprovement.

And I am by no means convinced that the criticism in question does these things while I am certain that it is directly at odds with the spirit of fraternity.

In days that are past, and rapidly growing more past than is altogether pleasant, certain painstaking gentlemen were assiduous in the endeavor to impart to me the glimmerings of the language from which the word *fraternal* derives. I have managed to retain a scrap or two of the teachings thus painfully acquired. I recall that the word "frater" was used by Julius Caesar and his friends to express the meaning of the familiar word "brother". By a process of analogy, we arrive at the conclusion that "fraternal" and "brotherly" are about the same thing.

Now, this is why I think this Donnybrook Fair kind of dexterity in criticism a grave mistake, as well as a breach of fraternity.

In the first place, it may be based on mistaken premises; it may well be, for undoubtedly there is much that is confusing in our present outlook; it very likely is, for your cock-sure critic is just the man most apt to be a little shaky in his facts.

In the second place, we have plenty of criticism from without. We need not be too critical of our brothers. Many of them are wrong, no doubt, and some of them may be worse than that. But it is better to run the risk of overlooking a little that is wrong than to hazard wrecking much that is right.

No people ever needed tolerance and understanding of one another more than we do. No people ever needed more the power of fraternity.

There is a little confusion, quite naturally, as to the path we should travel in the march to self-dependence. Some of our prophets may not be divinely appointed. A few may be said to owe their inspiration to quite the opposite source. Well, time has a way of disclosing these things. "When the gods arrive, the half-gods depart." Meanwhile we are fighting a fight in which we must stand back to back, in which we must enlist all our forces. In this larger loyalty, we must reconcile our individual differences.

Belaboring men, who, however they may differ as to methods and means to achieve the end in view, are still honest and devoted to the cause of Racial Progress and serving it as best they know, merely because we differ with them won't get us anywhere.

And rapping them because their heads stand up from out the mass and provide a good target for the bludgeon of a cheaply caustic wit is the worst sort of bad business.

A wider application of the fraternal spirit will be a big help to the eventual discovery of a common highway on which we can all travel to better things.

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COLORED ACTORS' UNION

By J. A. JACKSON

There is an Iowa town, one of many, in which the spirit of Unionism is a very important factor. Everything seems to be organized there. A Negro novelty act happened to "close" with a summer carnival outfit in the town; and upon application to a local vaudeville theatre for an engagement, the team was told that they might work if they were "Union". The manager, a white man, of course, had determined upon this reply as an easy way to avoid a more direct refusal. To his consternation, he was handed a card inscribed COLORED ACTORS UNION. Though he admitted that the organization was one of which he had never heard, he capitulated, and the act worked a pleasant week's engagement in the local theatre.

The incident occurred early in 1924, when the Colored Actor's Union was indeed new to everybody. To-day its unique red label may be seen on trunks in theatres and hotels in almost any city in the land. It is not only on paper. It is a virile, aggressive and thrifty group of hard pressed actors who work in vaudeville, musical comedy, tabloids, with circuses on carnivals, and in churches, halls and schools. They are determined to find more pleasure and greater profit in their chosen profession than has heretofore prevailed. There is plenty of evidence that the determination is real.

While the membership of the Union is employed in the different channels mentioned above, these are all more or less contributory to the big stream of amusements and there is frequent changes in the types of employment. This winter's vaudeville act might be found with a tented attraction during the summer months.

The first attempt on the part of the performers to organize was made in April, 1921. It was not a success. The present organization dates from February 17, 1924. S. H. Dudley, a theatre owner and booking agent who had been for years a performer and who despite his present day capitalistic status remains at heart a performer. In fact at intervals he takes a fling at the road himself for a few weeks of special appearances in vaudeville where his reputation as a comedian assures packed houses and an attractive salary in any theatre he may choose to play.

From a small gathering on that April day, the Union has grown to approximately a thousand members. Its first officers served without salary, even though several of them were obliged to temporarily abandon their profession and seek other employment in Washington where the Union Headquarters are maintained. The initiation fee has been but five dollars; and that was a large sum to a group of performers whose employment was none too steady.

However, they have administered their little treasury well. The Union has a number of creditable achievements that has already more than justified its existence.

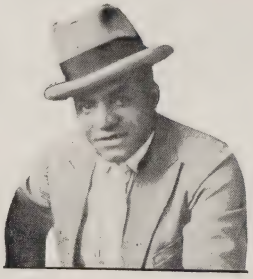
Its growth and development has been the spontaneous response to the arduous conditions that have prevailed on the circuit of the Theatre Owners Booking Association, the corporate body that controls employment in the majority of theatres presenting Negro acts. More than a hundred amusement places secure acts and shows through the four offices of this Tennessee chartered concern. Many of the owners of theatres are stockholders in the booking business. Others find it their only source of supply for the acts and shows so needful if theatres are to function.

Twice in the eighteen brief months of its life the officials of the Union, with a committee of its members have met in joint session with directors of the T. O. B. A., and these meet shorter and less costly "jumps" from one stand to another; and more weeks of unbroken employment. While the routing has not yet become ideal, there is no mistaking the very evident improvement that has followed these conferences.

The Union officials have done wonders with the small funds at their command toward relieving its members of the different forms of distress incident to their calling. A sick member was brought from Jacksonville, Fla., to his home in Washington; a group that suffered the loss of wardrobe and scenery in a St. Louis fire were very promptly re-equipped so that they resumed work with little loss of time. The Union has assisted in defraying the funeral expenses of several members, has provided flowers for the funeral of others; and has loaned money to widows of its members pending the adjustment of insurance claims for death benefits. Insurance for every member is a hoped for feature of the near future.

The records of the secretary's office reveal that the need of transportation for stranded performers is an oft-met situation. A Minstrel performer was moved from Syracuse to Washington; a tabloid company of a dozen persons was brought from St. Louis to the Washington Headquarters. Another came in from Kansas City. An act was sent from Buffalo to New York, and a stranded chorister was sent from Elmira, N. Y., to Philadelphia. These transportation advances are in the nature of loans to be repaid so that others may in turn be helped should the need arise.

Several performer-producers have been advanced funds with which to equip miniature companies with scenery and wardrobe. So far these advances have been repaid with reasonable promptitude. Without the Union assistance,



the performer helped would not have been able to have become a producer on his own account.

Though the "Walking boss" or "Delegate" seems not to exist in the Colored Actors Union, the boys have not hesitated to utilize the strike threat to increase its membership. Several times when it was learned that the majority of the acts on a bill were Union, members have they compelled the Non-Union act to affiliate under threat to "Walk off the bill". The most recent instance of this sort of action took place in a Baltimore theatre.

During last March, the Union established an eight-page paper of its own; and the little monthly is an entertaining and instructive contribution to theatrical journalism. About the same time they began the assembling of material for 72 page booklet that has since been distributed among members and friends. This little volume contains a list of the Union members, a complete list of the vaudeville agents of the world, a list of "Colored theatres, tabulated railway rates, sleeping car rates and excess baggage rates together with a brief history of the more important characters in the history of the Negro theatre.

The Union Deputy and his assistants are busily engaged in compiling a list of boarding places in every city in which Negro acts play that have been found to meet the standards set down by the Union for the comfort of its members. These places are being provided with a special label pretty similar in style to that in vogue with certain associations of bankers and automobilists.

To combat what they regard as unfair discrimination in the matter of handling baggage, they have sponsored an officially designated transfer concern in Washington with such success that they are about ready to try out the same plan in several other centres where the members have reason to congregate in numbers. The truck bears a sign "Actors Union Express" and the owner has found it profitable to quote a moderate price to the Union members. In much the same manner have they arranged for a bus to transport the members to and from outlying theatres not conveniently reached by street car lines.

In conjunction with officials of the T. O. B. A. circuit, Union officials are trying to devise a plan whereby the acts playing the circuit are to be classified; and methods for protecting the material of every act from being pirated by others. How successful these efforts will be remains to be seen, for they represent features of the show business that have troubled some very able showmen. In these problems, the Union will find itself up against the human equation. It will be interesting to observe the combat with the primal instincts of humanity. If the way they have waged war on other obstructions counts for anything, the fellow who appropriates another's material is going to find the going hard on a program with Union acts.

New York acts have so far paid scant attention to the Union. To most of them it is but a combination of "Small timers". At that, some few "big" acts have tendered the Union a moral support and have advertised in its publications. Most of these more opulent artists, however, regard the Union as a bit beneath them and intended only for those playing strictly Negro theatres. They are destined to learn better as time goes on.

The history of social and economic movements for the benefit of Negroes seldom affords examples of self prompted, or self sustained efforts. As a rule, all such activities have been motivated by one or the other of two types of White persons. Frequently beneficial organizations have been promoted among Negroes in America by a far-seeing person by a Caucasian ancestry who could discern the cash profits in the accomplishment. More often, Negroes have been organized for some definite purpose or beneficent character by philanthropists, alleged or bonafide. Ofttimes the colored folks have profited from the vain desires of rich individuals or groups who found pleasure in the publicity that attached to a benefaction. That these have helped the Negro may be admitted, albeit incidental.

Since Unionism is based upon self help; and is neither a benefaction to be bestowed; nor a crown of glory for a philanthropist, be he genuine or psuedo, the Negro has seldom had its mantle thrown over him in any such manner. Its very nature forbids its acquirement in any but the prescribed manner. Participation of a most active character is essential if any people would share its benefits.

Just as some agricultural crops are indigenous to a hard soil and some do better in colder climates; so does the spirit on Unionism thrive best where adversity stimulates its growth. Other welfare agencies and institutions find a ready response from the less hardy, the parasitical, if you please.

The reason that white-collar workers have been so hard to Unionize is that they have been permitted to take on some of the habiliments of the capitalist, to sip at some of his pleasures and mildly emulate his mannerisms. These same mental processes have prompted the oft-termed "better class" Negroes to avoid every consideration of the Labor Union as a possible source of improvement of their condition.

It has been only those who have been forced by the circumstances immediately surrounding their employment, hence their all, who have recognized the tremendous force of united action which is the basic principal of the Trade Union. The Negro Actor has been the very first of the so-called professional groups of Negroes to adopt the Union idea that has been so effective an instrument for good with those who follow manual occupations.

The Colored Actors Union has yet another distinction. It was not organized for them. Everyone of the nine hundred odd members will tell you that no professional organizer has touched any part of their institution.

Jules McGarr, the President is a mild mannered little show owner whose wisdom belies the youthfulness of his countenance. He has been through a severe school of trouping. Paul Carter, his Vice-President, is older and has had similar experiences. His training in Masonic bodies where he has attained a high degree has no doubt been helpful to him and his Union. The same may be said of Al. Wells, an acrobat who is a most aggressive deputy, one of several on the staff of Bart Kennett, chief Deputy who has abandoned the work of a Magician so that he and his wife could operate a hotel that demonstrated his ideas of a standard for performers stopping places. He directs a group of deputies who are charged with interpreting the Union to the public as they travel and with educating its members in Union ethics.

Telfair Washington, the secretary is one of the officers who has devoted his time to the Union work at the sacrifice of his own interests to the extent of taking a side employment that would permit the time to keep the Union office hours.

S. H. Dudley, the performer-capitalist, acts as treasurer, and bears the title of general manager. Confidence in his integrity and business acumen is perhaps the greatest asset the Union has with which to promote membership. Chintz Moore, a Vice-President, in charge of the far west is a theatre owner in Dallas, Texas; he, like Dudley, is more performer than capitalist, and he heralds the fact by his Union activities so contrary to what one might expect from an employer.

These fellows with a board of directors composed of artists who represent every phase of their profession are bending efforts toward the rectifying of their working conditions and are laying plans to establish a home for aged and infirm performers. It is indeed a most ambitious program. However, if in one and a half years a busy bunch can accomplish as much as they have already done, there is little room for skepticism as to their "making good" as it is expressed in the language of the showshop.

"Performers are so trifling and commonplace" are the words in which we have heard the show folks described by one of our *intelligencia* who owned no property save the contents of his apartment, whose tenure of job rested with the whim of a boss, and whose friends were bound to him with no stronger bonds than that of casual acquaintanceship. Too bad some more of us are not as "trifling" as are the singers, dancers and novelty folks.

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Coon River Anthology

With apologies to Edgar Lee Masters

Plant M. Deep

Tired of washing dishes and scrubbing
Floors,
I became an undertaker.
There was much death in the com-
munity
And my business was prosperous.
The influenza came during the war
And I built a new house and got a car.
All the Negroes respected me,
And the white folks looked favorably
on me.
Once a year I went to New York
Where there are bright lights
And naughty browns and yallahs
With immaculate apartments.
I would spend much money in
The gilded cabarets for dubious liquors;
Then I would return to respectability
And the inordinate profits of funerals.
My fortune increased with the death
rate.
What persuaded me to take
That last trip to Harlem, I don't know;
But anyway, in trying to evade
The jealous husband of that cabaret
singer,
I made the error of jumping out the
window
Where there was no fire escape,
However, I have no regrets because
I lived well from dying while I was
living.

Henry Kroakem

At thirty-nine, it is hard to be lying
here.
Ten years ago I came to this town,
And business has been good ever since.
A Negro community like Coon River
Is a good place for doctors
And for undertakers and preachers.
I didn't know much about medicine
But that only made business better.
I made enough money in time to at-
tract
The whitest Negro girls in town,
And I was soon wedded to Jennie
Smith.
We moved into the big house on the
hill
Where, amidst our expensive furni-
ture,
We lived very happily for a time.
Then rumors got about that Rev. Howl-
hard
Was making prolonged calls at my
home
While I was administering to the sick.
I never mentioned this to Jennie
Because high yallahs are hard to get,
and keep.
But I worried a whole lot about it,
And finally I became ill.
By mistake I took one of the bottles
Of medicine reserved for my patients
And now I lie here at thirty-nine,
While the sable clergyman triumphed.

Sylvester Cheatem

There were many ignorant Negroes in
Coon River,
Much poverty was in evidence
And as a result, crime flourished.
So my law practice grew by leaps and
bounds.
True, as was often said, success
Seldom crowned my efforts.
Many of my clients were jailed
And folks called me a shyster,
But money flowed into my coffers.
At election time I always spoke up
For the sable electorate.
And the white politicians held me
In very high esteem and paid well.
Lincoln and Roosevelt were my stock
arguments
In swinging the vote to the Republi-
cans.
Soon I was known as a leading Negro.
I had a house, a car and choice liquors
Of which I drank copiously
And dispensed generously.
My career was a howling success.
My only complaint is that I am buried
Next to Sluefoot Williams,
The chicken thief.

Horace Howlhard

Twenty years of administering
To the spiritual needs of Coon River—
Twenty years, and now a grave next
To Philip Grind, the philanderer.
It is unfair to an honorable citizen.
They said I had twenty children
In the confines of Coon River
Though my wife was without offspring.
But a clergyman must be popular
With the ladies of the congregation.
No one will deny that in the interest
Of fat collections and bulging mite
boxes,
One must comfort the lonely,
The deserted and the bereaved.
But despite my record I am here
buried
Alongside a sinful philanderer.
It isn't fair or just.

Jazzbo Scott

They called me a ne'er-do-well
Because I never worked but always
played
The piano, the guitar and the fiddle
At the dances and house parties.
I brought joy and pleasure
To the poor working people of Coon
River.
I banished sorrow and care,
But I was labeled a good-for-nothing
By the best people of the community.
However, I have no regrets because
I robbed no one—I only brought song
And laughter to the black folk
Of Coon River.
They marched in a body to my funeral.

Grit

A crowded street car in a southern town—only one seat vacant and that near the front and beside a dirty, ragged, poor white person. A colored girl—clean, nicely dressed, intelligent, enters, and either ignorant or forgetful of southern customs, occupies the only vacant seat. An ominous quiet—malignant stares, and a drawing away of the dirty person. The conductor passes through to collect fares. He growls when he sees the colored girl. The dirty person nods toward her and with coarsely spoken language and a great deal of profanity he inquires, or rather demands, if she can't read the sign that asks colored persons to sit in the rear. The colored girl, blood boiling —indignant — embarrassed — throws her head in the air—forces an indifferent smile—and walks slowly, gracefully to the rear. There are those who call it submission—I call it *GRIT*.

A theatre in a northern town, this time, a crowded house—a negro musical comedy that had been running for weeks. A colored man arrives after the curtain has gone up, and showing the ticket he had purchased the day before—he was ushered to his seat. End of act one, and the lights flash on, and find the negro beside a southern *gentleman* (?), who had been enjoying the show immensely. A frown—a drawing away, a quick "I refuse to sit by a nigger." A consultation, the colored man's money is refunded—a long, distressful, embarrassing walk to the exit with head held high and a faint smile. Submission or *GRIT*?

Crucifixion

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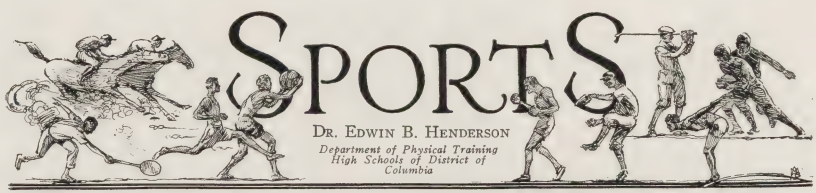
Ho! my Brother,
Pass me not by so scornfully,
I'm doing this living of being black,
Perhaps I bear your own life-pack;
And heavy, heavy is the load
That bends my body to the road.
But, I have kept a smile for Fate,
I neither cry, nor cringe, nor hate;
Intrepidly I strive to bear
This handicap: the planets wear
The Maker's imprint, and with mine
I swing into this rhythmic line,
In this guise was I made a man—
The world to conquer—and I can.
So I go forward fearlessly
To LIFE, through DEATH,
On CALVARY!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.



DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

Athletics

We preach the white man's religion and we have more slowly copied his educational practices but for a long time most of our institutions for the education of Negroes have trailed far behind. Just as we have clung to the old time religion, many fossilized colleges are hanging to courses of study for a long time discarded by modern schools of learning.

Millions of dollars are being spent in the field of athletics and physical education. This is the age of stadia building. Plants that rival the Coliseum of Rome are springing up all over America. Untold wealth is erecting gymnasia. Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, city governments and untold organizations are creating opportunities for more and abundant play. The Americanism Commission of the American Legion will recommend this week (Oct. 5th) that next year the Legion encourage the promotion of amateur athletics for boys under seventeen as a means of teaching Americanism. Last year the writer was the N.A.A.C.P. delegate to the meeting of the national organizations called by President Coolidge for the purpose of developing the recreational resources in America to provide environment for the pursuit of happiness.

Why all of this? It is becoming more manifest to the people and real educators that the purpose of the school and college is to train for citizenship and that present day humanities are of equal importance to the humanism of the classics. It is equally true that athletics may be used as a medium for developing qualities of character that are just as important in the race of life as intellectual attainments *per se*. Too many people think of athletics as of value only from the physical standpoint. It is encouraging to find more and more people realizing the tremendous value of the right kind of athletics when used as a medium for teaching young men how to play together, live together, and work together.

* * *

The King died. Long live the King. Tally Holmes of Washington, last year's tennis champion fell but Ted Thompkins of Washington ascended the throne at the National Championships at Bordentown. Sorriest of all was Edgar Brown. After using the most unfortunate assortment of personal criticism through newspaper columns of Tally and promising to give conclusive evidence of the virtue of his driving game, this same Tilden-like writer-player fell victim to the mean, measly chop-stroke and semi-pat ball artist, "Ted".

If Brown had more stroke in his racket and less in his pen, a better example for sportsmanship might be set for Negro youth. "For when the one great Scorer comes to mark against your name, He will not mark how many games you have won or lost but how you played the game."

All hail Ted Thompkins, boy champion, now of Wilberforce.

* * *

At this writing, Charlie Drew, formerly of Dunbar High School, now at Amherst, played a stellar game against the Institution at Princeton. Times have changed. Colored men used to fare hard at Princeton. Morrison of Tufts and Mat Bullock of Dartmouth would compare Princeton with Mississippi, but Amherst, with three colored boys last year, Drew this year, and Gourdain a few years ago, found better sportsmen at Princeton. Only a few colleges retain primitive muckerism.

* * *

Hubbard, after a summer, still remains the most outstanding track athlete. With his three wins in the 50, 75 and 100 yard sprints in the K. of C. games over Leconey, Scholtz and Bowman, fastest humans in the East, Hubbard proved a sensation.

* * *

Sportsmanship meets its strongest challenge and supreme test in the relations between officials of football and basketball games and the coaches and players involved in those games. A basket ball and football official must constantly make decisions giving penalties for violations of rules of the game. He thus arrests a law-breaker and by this act he indicts the ethics, the honor, or sportsmanship of his captive. The violation may have resulted from ignorance, carelessness, lack of skill, or maliciousness. In view of this it is not strange that clashes occur now and then.

But officials are coming together, studying and improving the personnel of the officiating bodies. This is lifting officiating to a higher plane of intelligence and ability. The great need at present is a spirit of confidence among officials, coaches and players. The coaches' duty to officials is to place the officiating entirely in their hands and to inspire in his players a feeling of confidence in these men. The official must do the utmost to retain this confidence. Thorough knowledge of the rules and their interpretations, business-like methods of conducting his games, and absolute impartiality in his decisions are necessary. Experienced officials are automatically and instinctively impartial. The two teams should be merely combat teams A and B. Arbitrators must measure up.

Football in the East presents the predicated uncertainty due to the C.I.A.A. break. Lincoln's schedule is weak. Howard's is a gamble. The fight below Washington will be interesting but minus a lot of the glare and glamour of battles with Lincoln and Howard. After a season or two the Intra-Section battles will be revived.

Night Sheltered Us

By EULALIA OSBY PROCTOR

Impotently, I beat the breast of Night,
Angrily sobbing to the argent light
Of starry eyes, and fluttering hands of wind,
That time and Fate were bitterly unkind—
Another age of hours thus to bind—
Not joining us!

Night pitied me—so bade my complaint rest!
Drawing my head against her fragrant breast
And bending low, she breathed into my brain!
And—lo! there bowed a page from Morpheus' train
Heralding you! And through my dreams you came!
Night sheltered us!

NEW BOOKS

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. By David Garnett. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.00.

This tale of miscegenation is a bit off the beaten track of such stories: it deals with the married life of a white man, William Targett, and a Negro woman, Princess Gundemey of Dahomey. Arriving in England in 1858, they settle down as proprietors of a public house in a rural community. Their love and respect for each other is very great and the efforts of Targett's sister and the antagonism of the neighboring rustics are not sufficient to separate them. Their simple life; their trials and tribulations in the hostile community are set forth in a narrative that is masterful in its simplicity and power. The woman, Tulip, is the best drawn character. She is refined, courageous and dignified; with great affection for husband and children The man is brave, loyal and devoted, but a spendthrift.

The story ends in accordance with the usual white - man's - burden - never - the-twain-shall-meet formula: the loyal and devoted husband dies in a fight; the black widow sends her young son back to Dahomey, and ends her life as a common kitchen drudge and maid of all work in the very inn over which she had formerly been mistress. And the author ends with these words: "She learned to know her station in life, and she did her duty in it very well" . . . One leaves the volume with great respect for the propaganda department of the British Foreign Office. These tales are always so plausible.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

* * *

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York City. $2.00.

This story is a masterpiece of pity and irony; great fiction and subtle propaganda. It places the author in a class with Rose Macauley and Thorstein Veblen, and only second to Anatole France and Sir Thomas Browne. We see four generations of a South African family of mixed bloods struggling fervently and religiously toward their (and the average Aframerican's) ideal, whiteness. For the sacred pink skin and tawny, straight hair, they will endure anything and everything. Yet, when the last descendant, Barry, having attained the coveted coloration and hair, marries an English woman and she becomes enciente, the old inferiority complex triumphs. He speaks of the "harm" he has done by marrying her, insists that the expected child never see Africa, and, biding the white world adieu, returns to proselytize the natives in the very district where his great, great grandfather, the weakly, incompetent and sentimental Rev. Andrew Flood had begun a hundred years previously.

The story grips you and holds your attention throughout, even tho one may revolt against the propaganda and wince at much of the bitter irony. All the myths about Negroes broadcasted since time immemorial are paraded again; for instance, mixed bloods are more intelligent and industrious than full bloods (applying to Negroes, of course, not whites), Negro children very early become mentally unreceptive, whiteness is identified with pureness, "white" (?) blood is "good" blood, etc., ad nauseum. But the author knows well the psychology of her South African people, white and black. Her ironic portrayals of the inferiority complex of the mixed bloods and the reaction of the whites to anything Negro or Negroid, are delightful.

Lothrop Stoddard and Imperial Wizard Evans will read it with great gusto and agree with its conclusion: Thou shalt not practice miscegenation—a conclusion the reviewer does not altogether disagree with. Negroes can read this book with much profit.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

* * *

CAPTAINS AND KINGS. By Andre Maurois. Published by D. Appleton and Co., New York. $1.50.

What is the nature of leadership? What should be the attitude of a leader toward his followers, and vice versa? Are leaders born or made? In this post-war period, more than ever before, these questions are engaging the attention of all intelligent people. Particularly are thoughtful Aframericans concerned with the subject of leadership, faced as they are with a multiplicity of knotty problems (including their hair) urgently in need of solution. The entire subject is thoroughly analyzed and discussed in this brilliant dialogue between a French philosopher and an army officer. It is of compelling interest; a vigorous, witty and pungent argument between the man of action and the man of ideas—as interesting as one of Plato's dialogues; and closer to reality.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

* * *

HYPATIA, or Woman and Knowledge. By Dora Russell (Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell). Published by E. P. Dutton, New York City. $1.00.

It is refreshing to find somebody writing intelligently on woman and her place in the scheme of things, now and in the future. For, roughly, there are three general points of view on the subject held by the majority of people: First, that women should be only drudges in the home and incubators to satisfy the demands of manufacturers and militarists; second, that the female should be economically dependent; a sexual slave surrounded by mocking sentimentality that passes for chivalry in feudalistic minds; third, that woman is the superior sex, destined to rule the world and take the place of man; become his arrogant master or supercede him entirely. Opposed to these attitudes are the views of such people as Mrs. Russell who believe that all the inequalities and antagonism between the two sexes has come about and been maintained because of the dictatorship of men in a man-ruled world. These people believe that given equality of opportunity, rights and obligations (and I emphasize the latter) this antagonism between the sexes will cease and men and women will become partners in the truest sense of the word.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

THE MEDICAL FOLLIES. By Morris Fishbein, M.D. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York City. $2.00.

Here is another of the ever recurrent efforts to de-bunk the great American public—a herculean, and well-nigh impossible task. Written in the rollicking manner characteristic of the author's many magazine articles of a similar nature, the book will doubtless be read with great appreciation by the civilized minority; the very people who are not in need of the information contained therein. Such quackeries as homeopathy, osteopathy, Abramsism, chiropractic, gland rejuvenation, the nonsense of the anti-vivisectionists and the concentrated guano issued by the nature fakirs, are carefully examined and analyzed. But it is as difficult to wean the gullible away from such hokum as it is to snatch an undertaker away from a diptheria epidemic; hence, the scores of millions who could profitably read this volume will quite likely ignore it and continue to be bunked—and like it. Dr. Fishbein is editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association, Hygeia, and The Bulletin of the Society of Medical History; also Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Chicago.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

* * *

H. L. MENCKEN by Ernest Boyd. Published by Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.00.

In 86 pages an eminent American novelist dissects and analyzes the *infant terrible* of American literary criticism, as an American, as a philosopher, and as a critic. In general, the appraisal is just and accurate. Mr. Boyd reveals the editor of the American Mercury as a real one hundred per cent. parochial American; as a philosopher who has borrowed what pleased him from Neitzsche, with scant regard for, or knowledge of economics and sociology; and as a critic who has effectively used the sledge hammer and broadsword in his successful effort to liberate American letters from the baneful pall of Puritanism. The author claims that Mencken has done more in this direction than any other American critic. The biography banishes the Mencken of legend and reveals the Mencken of life. On the whole it is an excellent evening's entertainment. It is the fourth volume of the series on modern American writers.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

* * *

LYSISTRATA, OR WOMAN'S FUTURE AND FUTURE WOMAN. By Anthony M. Ludovici. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York City. $1.00.

Ever since Mary Wollsastonecraft wrote her objections to man's enslavement of women certain members of the male gentry have had very rabid and pronounced views on woman's place. Ludovici is one of them. In the feminists' movement he can see nothing but "disgruntled women," "cankerous old maids" and a conspiracy to unseat the lordly male. And to prove his

(*Continued on page 371*)

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

Mr. A. Philip Randolph, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 11, 1925.
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of July 20th has been forwarded to me here for reply; hence the delay.

I am very glad to know of your interest in the welfare of the sleeping car employees and of your intention of giving publicity to your views. It is taken for granted that your sympathies are with them.

For fifteen years I have worked for closer cooperation between the porters and conductors. During that time I have organized the conductors successfully and have given much time and money to assisting the porters to do the same thing. You have probably guessed that their failure has been due to well laid plans to defeat such attempt. They have been adroitly maneuvered into accepting a Company plan agreement covering wages and working conditions. I was witness to the methods pursued in the selection of representatives which reminded me of medieval history. The results are just about as successful as those of the Congress of Vienna. The original purpose of an agreement was to benefit and protect workers but in the case of the porters we find that these conditions have been reversed. It is an excellent illustration of the corruption of collective bargaining. There can be no true bargaining without perfect freedom in choosing representatives.

There has never been any attempt on the part of the Management to create harmonious relations between conductors and porters, in fact they have been led to distrust each other. That condition has seriously militated against my efforts in behalf of the porters. They have been a fertile field for sowing propaganda designed to throw them into confusion and prevent any united action. Every time they have shown any symptoms of getting together, counter movements have sprung up all over the country and in the ensuing bewilderment they lost hope and ceased effort.

As a class the porters are intelligent and they should profit by past mistakes. Whatever they may think of conductors should not blind them to the fact that the Order of Sleeping Car Conductors showed them the way to better conditions and offered assistance to that end. It is one of my greatest regrets that they did not accept.

In dealing with a problem so broad one can not listen to an individual grievance. It is unfortunate but true that many men destroy their usefulness to society by forming their opinions of a class by their associations with a very limited number. Unpleasantness in such cases should have no bearings on class relations; they are strictly a matter for personal adjustment. The present economic state of the porter is due to his refusal as a class to make use of the aid extended by the Order of Sleeping Car Conductors. There may be many individual grievances between conductors and porters; it is folly to let them interfere with mass progress. From the foregoing you will see that my answer to your question on the relations between the porters and conductors indicates that individual misunderstandings have been a barrier to improvement in general and better wages and working conditions for porters in particular. It seems to me that sufficient time has now elapsed to make this apparent to all and the time has arrived for taking profit.

I personally organized the conductors in February, 1918. We are 90 per cent strong. Conductors' earnings have increased 100 per cent during that time. The working conditions have improved proportionately. Wages run from $155 to $185 on a 240 hour monthly basis with hourly rates for overtime at straight and punitive computation. We are affiliated with the A. F. of L. and therefore take part in all that constructive work. We are conducting educational work and publish a monthly magazine. We have also been active in legislative work, it being due to my personal efforts that an amendment was passed to the Transportation Act 1920, including the sleeping car companies and their employees within its terms. The Pullman Company recognizes us as the representatives of the conductors and confers with me on all matters pertaining to wages and working conditions which are incorporated in an agreement.

I hope you may find this letter of interest and that you will feel free to call upon me at any time.

Very truly yours,

J. W. Warfield,
President, Order of Sleeping Car Conductors.

Greetings:

This——'tis nothing new;
Just a brief review
Of facts by writers, able, bold,
By such as these most ably told.
My ignorance then, with kindness friend
I entrust you to expose. The end
Of this dull story in prose
May stir the fire in thee—who knows?

J. A. Atkins.

Editor of The Messenger:

Dear Mr. Randolph:

I and the rest of the Pullman Porters are, as I believe, satisfied with your movement. This is one of the greatest moves ever made for the advancement of our race. Organization and better conditions is what we need, but we have never had a man outside of the company employ to go forward with these facts. We are not getting anything for our service, with long hours and bussage from the passengers, and no consideration from the company. The traveling public has been blind to our wage owing to their belief that we are getting a living wage. But by your plea for the Porters you have opened wide the eyes of the country by letting the public know this large corporation, the Pullman Company, employing the number of Porters they do, and how these Porters have no voice for their rights and are working for the Company for nothing.

I am a Pennsylvania Terminal Porter out of one of the largest districts. It is in worse condition than any for treatment and conditions of Porters. In going to the office after our pay check the cashier looks through and sees it's a Porter standing there. He will then take his time in coming to wait on the Porter. After standing a long time waiting, up comes a conductor and he is waited on right away. Then when the cashier gets ready he will wait on the Porter.

There was a time when a Porter ran line on his date due out he was sure he was going out but now when you go down to report you are held off to see some one and that time you lose without pay. The Company has organized in each district what is called an agreement committee but that doesn't mean anything only to take from us our rights. The Penn Terminal district is made up of a family syndicate. General superintendent and assistant superintendent and sign out man are all relatives. Whatever comes up against the Porters they all agree if one takes a dislike for you it's from the office to the conductors railroad for you. Thank you.

Yours truly,

INFORMATION FROM
A PORTER.

Love

Love is not Love if bound
By forcefulness or fear,
As if must needs be guarded
To keep the loved one, dear;
Nor is it ever pure,
Appraised at any price:
Love in exchange for Love
In truth doth quite suffice.

Free Love! What? Ho! Alas!
Who would sweet Love restrain?
To make of it a duty
And force it, but in vain.
Sweet Love! Unfettered, free!
May claim its own Soul Mate.
Free Love! The child of Joy!
And Binding Love, of Hate.

By Ann Lawrence.

POETRY

A Poster

It is Saturday night.
The place is crowded
And such a crowd!
It is neither black nor white,
Brown nor yellow
There are all colors,
There are all manners of people!
Here and there, you may catch
Blue-tinted by the smoke—
A glimpse of an oriental face
The lights of the place are as many-hued
As the faces of the people
Wine and Whiskey are poured like oil
Into the fire of Youth,
Causing leaping, ambitious flames—
Giving added brightness to maiden eyes
Which seem to say, "There is fire within,
Beware!"
Old men and women are here, too
Their glimmering coals are fanned to heat anew—
Soul endangering,
Which consume their dry old carcasses.
There comes a whirl of noise
Like the breaking of a storm.
There is a hint of harmony—
A bit of melody.
Five men, black, brown and yellow
Contortionists of notes, instruments
And bodies, make music.
At once, there is wild motion!
Motion that defies description
Each couple improvising movements.
Those most inflamed by wine, music
Or close embraces,
Surpass their fellows.
My eyes follow couple after couple.
There is a brown girl, a wild thing,
Graceful as rippling silk,
With eyes that laugh over the shoulders of a
Bolde boy
Whose ancestors might have been Vikings,
So big and strong is he.
They whirl on and I lose them in the crowd,
Only to be attracted by a Chinese lad
Dancing gaily with a maiden of the Occident.
He holds her closely—
His face expressionless.
The girl is smiling—
No, she is laughing!
He whispers something with a swift side-wise glance.
She tosses back her pretty head
And laughs and laughs and laughs!
A little brown haired girl
With a Lothario long withered
Who would cheat Time with such a play-mate
Flirts boldly with a brown youngster.
Who has the look of neither toiling
Nor spinning,
He is good-looking, I think
Yet, too smooth-looking, too finished in
His knife-creased clothes.
He hints of marked cards—bounty paying women—
Yet—Satyrs grown gross pouched and bald
Are damn poor jazzing mates!
A bell clangs! One o'clock!
I join the struggle for the door
And reach the open air
And a pert cabman!

GEORGE FRANKLIN PROCTOR.

Nature

Hark! 'Tis the whispering pine trees.
As the first pine burrs fall;
List! 'Tis the woodland's echo
To the young Robin's call.

List! To the murmuring Waters,
To the Tide, as it comes and goes;
Rest! In the sacred silence
Where the rippling Water flows.

Go! Find a spot in the Forest,
Covered with Nature's greensward;
Hark! To the Earth as it whispers—
"Man is Himself and his God!"

ANN LAWRENCE LUCAS.

That Poison, Late Sleep

I can name you one time when my feelings were great,
It was when I was hopped on for sleeping too late.
I slept hard that morning, just like it was night;
(Late sleep will disgrace one, I'm telling you right.
You'll see what I mean in a minute, just wait;
You'll know how it fled me down by-ways of Fate.)

I'd arrang'd for some work with a janitor-boss,
But I got there too late, and it made him all cross.
So, though no more cash for me shot up in sight
Than the pay that I might have been owning by night,
Why, his tongue was so strong, and his tone so irate
That I cursed him right back, and got fir'd out the gate.

And, mind you, my story is only half through:
'Twas the time I was spending my wages on Loue.
'Twas the morn just preceding the night of the dance,
And that poisonous sleep cut me off like a lance,
And next thing a break with my love was my fate,
So today I am getting my cap set for Kate.

O that poison, sweet sleep, surely fixed me that day.
It, in one way, was bully, but Lord! did it pay?
Why the break with my Loue was some blow to my heart.—
My! I dote on my Kate when the wound starts to smart.
Still 'tis part of my function to swell and feel great
Whenever I'm hopped on for sleeping too late.

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

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Well, of course, we really don't know WHAT magazine those people subscribed to, if any, but it IS a good list, isn't it?

But HERE is a list of prominent people who get THE MESSENGER every month. Only a FRACTION of the total, but indicative of the type of readers we have as subscribers.

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Of THE MESSENGER, published monthly, at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. Philip Randolph, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE MESSENGER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Publisher, The Messenger Pub. Co.,	2311 7th Ave., New York.
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Business Managers,	none.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of October, 1925.

(Seal.) JOSEPH L. PRITCHARD,
Notary Public, New York County.
Clerk's No. 171, Register's No. 7079.

My commission expires March 30, 1927.

"These Colored United States"

(*Continued from page* 349)

ized labor, yet the Negro must leave no economic weapon unused. The membership of the various Negro organizations and churches need to be more inquisitive about the disposal of funds and more aggressive in forcing mentally lazy officials into constructive economic activity. In fine, the Negro fraternal, benevolent and religious organizations of New York need to become institutions of, by and for the proletariat rather than economic and social bulwarks of the black bourgeoisie, who, from a broad point of view, are but agents and guardians of the system that exploits the urban Negro. Otherwise, despite the pious lallygagging of sleek and well-paid professional uplifters, the future will, like the writer's complexion, be very dark.

"History of Freemasonry Among the Colored People of North America," by William H. Grimshay, (D. C.).

"Masonry Among Colored Men in Massachusetts," by Lewis Hayden, (Mass.).

"The Origin and Objects of Ancient Freemasonry" etc., by Martin R. Delaney, (Pa.). Of this volume only two copies are known to exist; one in the Schomburg collection and the other in the Iowa Masonic Library.

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New Books

(*Continued from page 366*)

thesis he attributes these evils to our increasing bodily weakness, puritanism and the substitutes so readily offered by science for physical defects. So sub-human are we that most of us find it impossible to enjoy even the simplest of physical pleasures; Bad teeth prevent us from enjoying our food; eyeglasses from appreciating the beauties of nature; and worse of all our increasing sexual deterioration has made us apathetic even to the supreme pleasures of love; the pleasure to which future generations must owe their existence. Woman in the future, he says, will get along with about one-half per cent of the present males, and instead of our present sexual reproduction with the physical aid of the man we will have octogenesis, or artificial impregnation; she will fill all the parliaments, be the big brains behind our industries, the teacher of our intellectuals and the brains (though feeble, he says) behind all of our endeavors.

These fantastic and colorful views are given a certain plausible factual basis by connecting them with certain isothese facts. But they have no more apparent connection with reality than the androcentric and gynocentric illusions of Ward. Simply the fears of a somewhat morbid mind.

J. W. Ivy.

* * *

Toussaint L'Overture (Surnomme Le Premier Des Noirs). Ouvrage par Gragnon-Lacoste. Extracts: Edited with notes and vocabulary by Georgiana R. Simpson, A. M., Ph.D. The Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C. $1.10.

Toussaint L'Overture is undoubtedly the greatest Negro so far produced in this part of the world. And it is quite befitting the man that some knowledge of his life and labors should be a part of the historical equipment of every Negro child. An attempt to acquaint Negro students with this unique personality is what Dr. Simpson essays to do; especially students of French. Gragnon-Lacoste's story of him is both interesting and friendly. lated phenomena in our social lite, and a logical ordering of the thesis with And the simple idiomatic French in which it is written offers no bar to those with a mastery of French grammar and a fair-sized vocabulary. In fact the style is well adapted to a work of this nature. The French exercises for conversation and the exercises for composition are simple and offer good drills in the language. Notes on the text are few; but more would hardly be needed. Just why Dr. Simpson assumes that there should be some "questions as to the correctness and purity of the language" if she chose a biography written by a native Haitian is a puzzle. For excepting a few Haitianisms which are necessary for the expression of things and ideas peculiar to that country, the French spoken and written by the cultured, educated Haitian is as pure as that of any Parisian. As pure and correct as is Gragnon-Lacoste's French we find him using such native terms as *parrain, manchette* etc., etc. The book is an admirable text for intermediate and advanced classes in French, and should receive a hearty welcome at the hands of Negro schools and teachers of the language.

J. W. Ivy.

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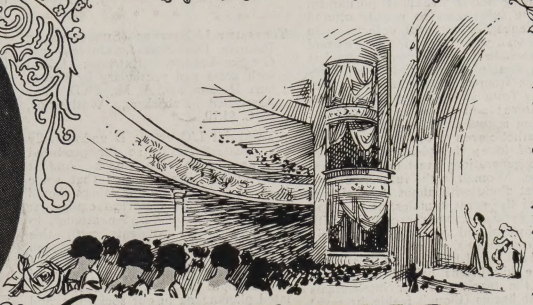

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